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being exported," says the *Chicago Tribune's* dispatch, "bank-deposits withdrawn and enterprises stopped." That is precisely what would happen, as anyone in his right mind would expect. There has been a great deal of talk in England about a levy on capital, and some in this country; and we hope that careful note may be taken of the developments attending this proposal in Switzerland. Our socialist friends are apt to lose sight of the fact that capital is movable—rather easily movable—and that when it sees the prospect of a levy, it will stand from under. Since the conduct of commercial enterprise depends on capital, industry slumps when capital moves, unemployment sets in, poverty increases, and things generally go to pot. There is no way as yet devised whereby one may eat one's fiscal cake and have it too; and those who espouse the cause of a levy on capital with the same naive intensity that was bestowed upon bringing in the income-tax, may profitably give ear to this great truth.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THAT post-election perennial, the third-party idea, is again bursting from a political soil amply manured by normalcy and the new freedom. It is not unnatural in the circumstances that the shoots should seem a bit more vigorous than usual, especially in comparison with the withered and barren stalks of the Democratic and Republican plants. Portions of a mildly reformist programme have appeared in the press and there is considerable titillating speculation about the personalities who are to form the nucleus of the proposed new grouping, including the Congressional bloc of newly-elected Western progressives. Possibly this time the thing will come off, and we may be in for a period not dissimilar from that passed through in France, in which politicians will don the progressive or radical make-up in order to get office, but, once in, will serve the same fealties as their Democratic or Republican predecessors. We note that our old friends privilege and monopoly seem not greatly disturbed over the talk of a new political label. As long as they hold a mortgage on the business they may well sit complacently in the counting-room while the political clerks refurbish the show windows for the gaping throng.

MEANWHILE Brother Frank A. Munsey's suggestion that it is time to replace our putrescent political relics with a new party-system organized on a definite cleavage of economic thought, is reappearing in divers places. Dr. Butler and Mayor Hylan, probably not in collaboration, are toying with the idea. Some of the influential labour-papers are expressing a thorough disillusion with the two old political brokerage houses. Says the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, "Devoid of honour and respect, bereft of the only economic justification for their existence, incompetent to govern, and seeking power only to sell it to the highest campaign-fund bidder, the Republican and Democratic parties search in vain for an issue to distinguish them, and stage sham battles to deceive the voters into believing that they still serve some useful purpose." This is sound fodder for the labour-brethren to digest. However sceptical one may be about third-party promises, it is encouraging to note that hoary political shams are engaging the enlightened attention of citizens of diverse interests and views.

THE Socialist party in Switzerland has up for referendum-vote next month a bill for a levy on capital. Reports say that it is not likely to become law, but the effect of the mere proposal is striking and significant. "Capital is

As good a pair of rules as can be formulated for the guidance of legislators is found in the simple precepts: Tax nothing that you want to keep; tax nothing that can move. The best way to get rid of undesirable things is to tax them; on the other hand, the best way to stimulate the production and maintenance of desirable things is to exempt them from taxation. Again, if movable things are taxed they will move, just as capital is moving out of Switzerland at the prospect of a tax. Personal property can move, all forms of wealth can move. The one thing that can not move is land. The production of wealth is desirable, the possession of wealth is desirable; the more wealth produced and the more of it we all have, the better off we are. The one thing that is distinctly undesirable is the private monopoly of publicly-created land-values. Well, then, since land can not move and the monopoly of land-values is undesirable, the logical thing would be, as we see it, to tax nothing but land-values and to tax those at the rate of one hundred cents in the dollar. As a fiscal policy, we can see nothing against this procedure, and everything in its favour.

MR. BONAR LAW has gained a comfortable Conservative majority in Parliament, with Labour in control of less than half as many seats; though the Labour candidates appear to have polled four-fifths of the Conservative tally of votes. Probably the Labour party would have fared better if it were not handicapped by the leadership of so many old-school politicians who seek to profit by new slogans concerning which they have neither faith nor understanding. There was an effect of unreality about the Labour party campaign which doubtless repelled many voters who had no particular sympathy with the older factions. We are pleased to note that Mr. Asquith's political crew received a sound trouncing, and that Mr. Lloyd George's band fared even worse. When one considers that the dishonest secret diplomacy of the one was probably the principal factor in bringing on the world-war, and that the unscrupulous self-seeking of the other played the dominant rôle in bringing on the ruinous peace, their political defeat seems the mildest of penalties.

FROM this distance the British campaign seemed not more elevating than our own recent contest. In some instances it appeared even more crude. We are a patient people and our own political affairs are in a humiliating state, but one suspects that even with the price of eggs where it is at present, no conspicuous candidate would have the temerity to go prancing about the country, as did



Mr. Lloyd George in England, praising the treaty of Versailles as "that great human charter." Probably the fairest characterization of the ex-Premier was made in a campaign-speech by Mr. Bernard Shaw: "Lloyd George is a very clever man, but he knows nothing about any subject on earth." There were other interesting casualties at the polls, including Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Hamar Greenwood. We are confident that the occupants of "the sacred graves at Gallipoli," about which there has been such a pother recently in the British press, will rest more quietly if Mr. Churchill has been finally cast into political oblivion. Nor can we lament the trouncing of that incorrigible politician, Mr. Arthur Henderson. The ladies, we note, fared badly at the polls. This might have been expected, considering the distressing specimen of their sex already in Parliament. Lady Astor was returned, however, by a reduced plurality; and we trust that those who voted for her on the strength of her repeated assurance that she was running "on a platform of old-fashioned motherhood," discerned some meaning in the phrase, for we do not. We can but feel vaguely that the place for Lady Astor and her platform is in the home rather than in the House. In sum, it would appear that in the conventional manner our British cousins threw off some pressing political liabilities, and acquired or retained others of not greatly dissimilar quality.

WHENEVER a sparrow falls to the ground in Mexico, our Department of State plasters the press with outraged protestations. The indiscriminate killing of Mexicans in the United States is, however, a different matter, and it is not to be expected that the Department will make public the Mexican Government's latest protest against violent assaults in which more than a score of Mexicans residing in this country are said to have lost their lives. According to report, the unrecognized and unrighteous Government of Mexico has raised this subject repeatedly, and has now been moved to pronounce the situation "intolerable." The long and the short of it seems to be that the people of the border States are applying to the Mexicans a technique developed for dealing with the black population. In Breckenridge, Texas, for example, a mob warned both Mexicans and Negroes to leave town, and a sudden and general exodus followed. The Negroes were in the majority of those who pulled up stakes and left, but in their case, no protest has been forthcoming, for it happens that no Government abroad is any less indifferent to their welfare than is the Government at Washington.

WE glory in the spunk of our friend the President of Mexico, who has just taken another crack at American imperialism. It now appears that by some means unknown to President Obregon himself, the Department of State at Washington secured an advance-copy of a proposed law on oil-rights in Mexico, and thereupon, in a spirit of helpfulness, informed the Mexican Government that the provisions of this embryonic act were "entirely inadequate" for the protection of American interests. In reply to this gentle hint, the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Relations declared that it was absolutely impossible for the Government of Mexico to accept any law which had been submitted previously to the censorship of a foreign Government. President Obregon then forwarded the correspondence on the subject to the Chamber of Deputies, and the Chamber ordered that copies of the notes be distributed to the Governments of Central and South America, together with a declaration to the effect that Mexico would not on any account submit to the censorship of Washington. This is all very fine, and we only hope that the other Governments of Latin-America can muster courage to follow President Obregon's example and let us in on all the other frank and benevolent doings of our own Department of State.

ABOUT the only thing that differentiates the most recent Dublin dispatches from those which filled our news-columns during the regime of General Wilson and the

black-and-tans, is the dates they bear. One reads of forays, ambushes, hunger-strikes and executions, just as one used to read of them when Irishmen were fighting Englishmen instead of one another. The people of England have very little for which to thank Mr. Lloyd George, but they may at least chalk up to his credit the fact that he was clever enough to effect an arrangement in Ireland which relieves the English conscience of all sense of responsibility for the horrors in that country, and yet serves the English purpose somewhat better than it was served by the English military occupation. Thanks to Mr. Lloyd George, the English people may piously wash their hands of the bloodshed in Ireland, as, indeed, English papers are doing with monotonous regularity; while the Free State officials are busily engaged in demonstrating to a watching world that political government is political government, with all the inhumanity that the term implies, whether it be imposed on a people by patriots from within or by foreign imperialists from without.

As for the Irish people, they seem to be no more secure in their lives and property than they were in the days of the black-and-tans. Just how they have profited by the change it would be hard to tell. There is, apparently, just as much fighting as ever, just as much lawlessness on the part of Government and rebels, just as much uncertainty what the morrow will bring forth. Judging from the reports which come from Ireland, the Free State and the Republicans are simply repeating the old struggle between the Republicans and the British Government; the Free State, like the British Government before it, is able to enforce its rule only at the point of the bayonet; in short the situation seems to be in all respects about what it was before Messrs. Collins and Griffith went to London to be gobbled up by the British lion. We are bound to confess that as between the Free State and its rebels, our sympathies are somewhat drawn to the latter, although, candidly, we do not think that there is much to choose between the two factions. The reason for our slight leaning towards the Republican cause is that the Republicans, at least, have never compromised the principle that they were fighting for, which was independence of the British Government. But we suspect that what the Irish people really need is not so much political independence as economic freedom; and no matter which of the two political factions wins out, it looks as if the Irish people stand to lose.

MR. NICOLAI LENIN is now the only survivor among the war-premiers of all nations, and it is clear, if we compare his speeches with those of the political leaders of other nations, that this is a survival of the fittest. A case in point was his recent address in the throne-room of the Kremlin before the visiting faithful who had come to Russia to attend the convention of the Third International. To these flaming heretics, Mr. Lenin explained quietly the reason for the recession from communism in Russia. They had gone ahead too fast and the Russian masses had refused to follow them, so there was nothing to do but restore free competitive conditions. "We are far from perfect," he declared, "we make mistakes. We waste money. The most urgent necessity of the immediate future is rigid economy. . . . We above all need education." Such plain words are in glittering contrast to the egotistic bombast of a Lloyd George or the specious evasions and mendacities of our own political bell-wethers.

THE hardened and unsympathetic correspondents of our sober middle-class press were apparently extraordinarily stirred by the spectacle of this forthright, unassuming little man holding his packed audience spellbound with his homely actualities in the hall where the gorgeous puppets of Tsardom strutted their little day. It was an odd scene, and the speech was an odd speech to be delivered before the members of a Socialist International, accustomed to applaud flamboyant oratorical interpretations of the coming Utopia according to the gospel of St. Karl. The clear-eyed Mr. Lenin builds no castles in the air.



He is well aware that while it is comparatively easy to lose one's chains, a world is gained only by intelligence and hard work, after a long apprenticeship in failure and disillusion.

PERHAPS God has a certain partiality for the Slavs. At any rate the sadder and wiser world-revolutionists have a comforting feeling that even though the Communist Humpty-Dumpty may have fallen off the Kremlin wall, the reconstructive powers of plain Vladimir Ilitch far exceed those of all the king's horses and all the king's men. Though a formula or two may have been lost or cast aside, there abideth education, economy and work, these three, and while they are not exactly such stuff as revolutionist dreams have been made on, they at least offer the material by which revolutionist dreams may be made to come true. It may be, after all, from the very fact that he holds so fast to these prosaic actualities, that our parasitic and romantic Bourbons are right in maintaining that the most dangerous person in their world is this dispassionate analyst in the Kremlin, who always learns and always remembers.

DISPATCHES from Constantinople of 12 November say that the Turkish Nationalists are in a state of high resentment at "American interference with the internal affairs of Turkey." They say that Secretary Hughes sent them a note insisting upon the maintenance of certain extra-territorial rights. There is a hint in the dispatches that this note also said something about possible indemnity for damage to American property. It strikes us as a precious interesting thing that in these days of open diplomacy, open covenants openly arrived at, and all that sort of thing, the American people gets its first tidings of this important matter via an Associated Press dispatch from Constantinople. This note was not made public here; there was no statement on the subject given out at Washington. The report may, of course, be a *canard*, but we do not think it is; it has too faithful a resemblance to the sort of thing that Mr. Hughes would be likely to do in the premises. We respectfully invite the attention of Congress to this little matter, suggesting that if the Secretary of State proposes to prod the Nationalists in this fashion, he had better make known what is going on.

At this juncture, when the impossibility of fulfilling the requirements of the treaty of Versailles has just brought another German Government to grief, it is interesting to note that *Le Matin*, of Paris, has published a long list of opinions on the treaty, which are the result of an inquiry conducted by M. Maurice d'Hartoy, who was himself a soldier, among the men of letters who took part in the war. The list is alphabetical; it begins with the statement, by M. Paul Abram, writer, doctor of medicine, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, that "A treaty which obliges France to have 800,000 men under arms three years after the armistice, is a crime against the French nation." Most of the comment quoted is in the same key: "It is a horror"; "The supreme disillusion of those who sealed it with their blood"; "The folly of puerile dotards"; "An excellent basis for future wars." Whatever be the view of the politicians, the men who fought the war would seem to be pretty thoroughly disillusioned with its result. However, those who fight wars and those who make the treaties which follow them, have little in common. The interest of these protests from the men who fought in the war is purely sentimental. "His not to reason why" seems to apply to the actual combatant quite as much when the spoil is being handed around, as it does during the heat of the battle.

WRITING in the Glasgow *Forward*, Mr. E. D. Morel presents some interesting revelations in regard to Earl Grey's famous speech in Parliament, 3 August, 1914, as a result of which Britain waded into the war. The speech set forth the moral duty of Britain to protect the innocent French against an act of unprovoked aggression; and in this connexion, with an air of frankness, Earl Grey read a letter he had given to M. Cambon,

the French ambassador, in November, 1912, which had not before been made public, assuring the French Government that in the event of such aggression Britain would enter into discussions to contrive some plan to "prevent aggression and to preserve peace." Yet on this momentous occasion, as Mr. Morel shows, Earl Grey's candour was of a specious quality, for he conveniently omitted from the letter a sentence which would have revealed to the assembled patriots that he had arranged with the French Government a binding military convention, under which the British army was committed to make common cause with the French in the event of any general European conflict involving Germany on the other side. Such a conflict, as we now know, the Russian military leaders, allied with the French, were sedulously planning and working for.

As Mr. Morel shows, the drawing up of a plan for the great conflict began as far back as 1906; and by 1910 Lord Haldane and the military leaders had worked out its details down to the concentration "at a place of assembly to be opposite the Belgian frontier." The initial expeditionary force was to consist of 180,000 men, and at the time Earl Grey delivered his famous speech, the whole expeditionary force had been secretly mobilized; so while the members of Parliament may have thought that they were freely facing an alternative, their task was merely to confirm a military contract of which they were ignorant, the initial terms of which had already been carried out. In view of all this, Premier Asquith's urbane assurance to Parliament, in December, 1911, is of heightened interest. "There are," he declared, "no secret engagements with any foreign Government which entail upon us any obligation to render military or naval assistance to any other Power." A dispassionate observer might be puzzled to note that Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who patriotically swindled the British people out of some scores of thousands of pounds, was sentenced to jail, while Mr. Asquith who, with his associates, foisted on the British public the greatest swindle of modern times, was recently elected to Parliament.

If anything were needed to convince us that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is mistaken in assuming that women could make a better showing than men in handling the world's affairs, Mrs. Catt's own observations would turn the trick. Speaking recently before an audience of German women, Mrs. Catt remarked that "Men of the world have made such a mess of things that no one yet knows how it will come through"; a criticism which comes with poor grace, especially before such an audience, from a woman who did all in her power to help make a mess of things by throwing her influence, and that of the organization of women of which she was president, on the side of the war against Germany. What is needed at the present juncture of the world's affairs is not, we think, the domination of women, or men, or any class; but a little general intelligence and common sense; and if Mrs. Catt's speech be taken as an exhibit, we should say that these rare qualities are no more likely to be found in the exclusive possession of women than in that of any other class of people. By way of illustration we recommend to our readers Mrs. Catt's opinion that the world's coal-question can be settled by a propaganda carried on by women, and her statement that democracy and the emancipation of women are the two greatest results of the war.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### BETWEEN DRINKS.

It seems quite possible that the country is in for some practical change in its policy of prohibition, and it would be a good thing if, after our long run of fatuity and organized hypocrisy, we could by some happy inspiration be brought to deal with the problem of drink in a sensible way. The recent elections show dissatisfaction, and as the net result of prohibition becomes more and more manifest, that dissatisfaction will increase. The advocates of prohibition—the sincere ones, that is—may be forced at last to realize that they have human beings to deal with. Sumptuary laws, laws addressed to offences about which the conscience of mankind is divided, the offences which are merely *malum prohibitum* and not *malum in se*—these laws never work, and can never work, because too many persons have no conscience about them. Even local laws of this character do not work; they are evaded or compromised without concealment and without shame; and how much more impracticable is such a law when its application is on a national scale.

The principal reason why prohibition is impracticable has been found to lie in the ease with which nature runs to alcohol. Alcohol can be made by anyone out of almost anything, and with very little trouble and at almost no expense. This was foreseen by those who had some real knowledge of the very respectable difficulties offered by "the liquor-problem"; and it was largely the basis of their argument against the hand-over-head method of dealing with this problem by general prohibition. Their wisdom is now justified. It is a matter of open and notorious knowledge that those who care for alcoholic beverages make them; prohibition simply altered the status of the liquor-making industry instead of abolishing it. From a commercial industry it became a private industry, and from available statistics of materials used, one perceives that its actual proportions have not decreased.

As long as the problem of drink remains as a football of politics, there is frankly no hope, in our judgment, of a rational solution being found for it. The proposal made in Congress the other day to license the sale of beer and wine in order to get enough money through taxation to pay a soldiers' bonus—this shows about the kind of thing that can be expected as long as professional politicians and professional reformers have the matter in hand. It is the kind of thing that we have always had, until the ensuing abuses multiplied to the point of landing us in the state of grace which is registered by Constitutional prohibition. The bait held out to politicians by brewers and wine-merchants in their eager willingness to be heavily taxed if only they may be allowed to get back into business again—this shows the comprehension of the situation that may be expected from the trade, and the very slim possibility of getting the trade's co-operation in a rational plan of reform. Nevertheless there is some satisfaction in pointing out the basis for such a plan and in outlining the plan itself.

The essential idea of a rational reform is to create circumstances whereby it shall be just a shade easier to buy liquor than it is to make it; and at the same time, to put liquors of low alcoholic content in the most unfair competition possible with liquors of high alcoholic content. Norway carried out a plan based upon this idea, with such good effect that it steadily sobered up the country. It did not work any miracles, nor was it expected or advertised to work them; which in view

of our lamentable experience with prohibition, ought to recommend it highly. But it was the best plan yet devised; it had the most points of advantage and the fewest of disadvantage; it was based upon sound human psychology; and it is a plan that can be carried out anywhere and would work just as well in one place as another.

Norway took over the monopoly of spirits, and farmed it out to local boards of reputable citizens in the several communities, who served without pay; and these boards made it their business to contrive by the most ingenious methods to discourage sales, at the same time always managing to make it just a little easier to buy liquor of guaranteed quality than to manufacture inferior spirits at home. At the same time, the country was flooded with an excellent beer of about a three per cent "kick," and this beer was *tax-free*, so that it was nearly as cheap as water. The way the plan worked out in practice was this: if in Bergen, for instance, one wanted a drink of spirits, one could get it and it would be of first-rate quality. But in order to get it, one had to go to an inconvenient place at an inconvenient hour, and be served by a man who did not wish to sell it—for the wages of Norwegian bar-keepers were so graduated that the one who sold the least spirits got the most money, and the Norwegian gin-mill was therefore no model of hospitality. Altogether, getting one's drink of spirits was a laborious job, and most people gave it up. Meanwhile, in every restaurant and grocery-store, as common all over Norway as soda-water is here, was this excellent tax-free beer, ridiculously cheap, and plenty good enough for anybody as a beverage, and of which one could not hold enough to get one beyond the rudimentary stages of intoxication.

If ever a sensible plan is tried in the United States, it will be some such plan as that. It will be a plan based on a sound psychology, on common-sense acquaintance with human nature. It will be a plan, first and foremost, which shall forestall the greed of the Government. The taxation of liquor means the systematic promotion of debauchery; for the tax must be paid out of the sales of the product, and the heavier the tax, the more the sales must be pushed. We saw what that came to when the trade was operated under the saloon-system. The legislators who propose the licensing of beer under a tax, and the brewers who invite such taxation, need to be told in the plainest terms just what they are proposing. There is no way of managing the liquor-traffic in the interest of the public's welfare and in the interest of the Government's revenue at the same time. There is no way, as we are now seeing, of prohibiting that traffic effectively. The only thing possible is a disinterested co-operation all round, which takes shape in some such plan as was worked out in Norway. The consciences of people can not be commandeered or dragooned, but they can be educated and enlightened. Habits can not be eradicated or changed by a mere legislative fiat, but they can be gradually induced to improve. The problem is difficult enough at its best, and the process of solving it is a long one; and nothing short of the very maximum of disinterestedness and good sense is enough to apply to it.

### THE YANKEE JUGGERNAUT.

Now that the sap of Pan-Americanism is beginning to rise again, in anticipation of the Central-American conference to be held at Washington in December, and the International American conference scheduled to take place in Santiago, Chile, in March, it is fitting that



we should be prepared to temper the enthusiastic expressions of the delegates and of the American press with a little information, independently derived, concerning the state of public opinion in Latin America. The facts in regard to the imperial expansion of the United States are plain enough, and yet as one reads the reports of Pan-American love-feasts, one sometimes feels that the peoples beyond the Rio Grande and the Gulf are wholly incapable of understanding what is happening to them. This impression of an all-pervading *naïveté* can, however, be very easily corrected by a few citations from the writings of contemporary Hispanic-American authors and publicists.

In his valuable and informative contributions to the *Journal of International Relations* for January and April, and the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, Mr. J. Fred Rippey quotes just the sort of comment that should be read at this time by all good citizens who do not want to be taken completely into camp by the palaver of the Pan-Americans. According to Mr. Rippey, the Yankeeophobia which appeared in Hispanic-American literature during the 'fifties is now generally prevalent in literary circles; since 1900, the current of unfriendliness to the United States has been stronger than at any previous time. In substantial agreement with Mr. Rippey's opinion on this point are two American critics of Spanish-American literature, to whose volumes he makes reference. In his "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (1919) Mr. J. D. M. Ford tells us that "in the writings of more recent Spanish-American authors, antipathy towards the United States presents itself in unmistakable terms, and is directed chiefly at what the authors are pleased to term our imperialism. . . ." In his "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" (1920), Mr. Isaac Goldberg says that in the eyes of the generality of Latin-American writers, the people of the United States are at best mere materialists, while at worst they are the despoilers who, "under the shield of the Monroe doctrine and an alleged Pan-Americanism, cherish imperialistic designs upon the entire southern continent."

More interesting than the generalizations of the critics are the expressions of opinion which Mr. Rippey quotes from the writings of the Latin authors themselves. According to Mr. Rippey, the twentieth century has produced seven Spanish-American authors "of the first magnitude"; of these seven, four are by no means free from hostility towards the United States, while the other three are "hostile consistently and without qualification."

As an extreme example of the work of the milder group, we have the "Ode to Roosevelt" in which Rubén Darío of Nicaragua describes the late President as a Nimrod-Nebuchadnezzar-Alexander who believes "that life is a conflagration, that progress is an eruption, that wherever you send a bullet you implant the future." According to Señor Darío, Roosevelt personified the spirit which meditates an attack upon the Spanish peoples, who still pray to Jesus Christ.

One of the extremists, Carlos Pereyra of Mexico, says forcefully if somewhat incoherently that the latest form of Monroeism has for its authors "the representatives of the imperialistic movement, McKinley, Roosevelt, Lodge; the representative of dollar-diplomacy, Taft; and the representative of tutelar, imperialistic, financial, biblical mission, Wilson." Another member of this group, Rufino Blanco-Fombona of Venezuela, expresses his feelings pretty clearly when he says, "The Yankees, the Yankees, these are the enemies of our soul, of our civilization, of our character, of our independence."

In much the same spirit, Manuel Ugarte of Argentina declares that in origin, in disposition, and in education the South Americans are European. "To the United States," he says, "we are united by no bonds, unless they be fear and dread." According to this writer, the hope of Latin-America lies in the prospect of foreign and domestic troubles for the United States: the American Government may overreach itself and incur the hostility of Europe; the increasing rivalry with Japan is especially promising; the social revolution will come much earlier in the United States than in South America; a rebellion of the colonies is a possibility; and the trouble between the black and white races in the United States can perhaps be "utilized by an intelligent adversary." In a letter addressed to President Wilson shortly after his election in 1912, Señor Ugarte suggested a number of specific remedies for specific wrongs, and then summed up the wishes of the Latin Americans in the following terms: "We desire [he said] that the United States abstain from officiously intervening in the domestic politics of our countries, and that they discontinue the acquisition of ports and bays on the continent; . . . we ask, in short, that the star-spangled banner cease to be a symbol of oppression in the New World."

Some of the less important writers are by no means backward in their denunciation of the United States. For example, Gonzalo G. Travésí of Mexico characterizes the Monroe Doctrine as a mere pretext for aggression, while Salvador R. Merlos of Central America compares Yankee imperialism to an infuriated sea which threatens to inundate the green fields of the South. Most bitter of all is the Colombian writer, José María Vargas Vila. In a book published during the war, he asks, "Who will tell the Latin civilization threatened with death in Europe of the Golgotha of the Latin race soon to disappear in America?" "The Monroe Doctrine," he says, "is the jawbone of an ass brandished in the hands of Cain." The very word Pan-Americanism sets his hair on end; in his opinion "everything makes the men of the races of South America not the allies, but the natural adversaries, of the race and the peoples of the North." Hence the Latins must unite against the Yankee: "It is necessary that from Mexico to Cape Horn there shall be a single brain to combat him, a single arm to resist him, a single heart to hate him."

Señor Vila advocates for the Spanish nations a reunion of some sort with Spain, and for Latin-America a general assimilation to Latin-Europe; and in so doing, he exhibits an important positive phase of the Latin reaction against the imperialism of the United States. According to Rufino Blanco-Fombona, the history of Spanish-American foreign relations falls naturally into four periods: the early national period, when the threats of Europe were answered by Monroe and Bolívar; the period from 1845 to 1875, when the Latins distrusted both Europe and the United States; the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when the United States took first place as an object of fear and hatred, and an effort was made to counterbalance Yankee Pan-Americanism with Pan-Hispanism; and the latest period, when South America sought friendship with Europe, in order to offset the imperialism and the sordid materialistic influence of the United States.

In the period which extended from the Anglo-Saxon and Latin secessions from the mother countries down to the Mexican War, there was, we think, some opportunity for the development of a free and natural Pan-Americanism which could mature only under conditions of friendly and unrestricted intercourse. With the



opening of this country's career of conquest, there appeared the alternative possibility of a servile Pan-Americanism which can be completed only by the subjugation of all the Latin-American peoples by the United States. As matters stand to-day, the conditions essential to the development of a free Pan-Americanism are lacking, while those necessary to the realization of a servile Pan-Americanism have not yet been everywhere fulfilled. If the understanding of this situation becomes general, the people of this country will waste less time talking about unrealities, and the Latins will refuse unanimously to allow themselves to be slathered with sentimentalism before they are swallowed.

### A SALVAGE IN IRELAND.

ONE of the greatest assets of Ireland, perhaps the greatest, is a little, cheaply-printed agricultural weekly called the *Irish Homestead*. Week after week this modest periodical appears, crowded with the usual information of interest to farmers; information concerning crop-conditions, the technique of marketing, the well-being of stock, improvements in the mechanics of wringing productivity from the soil, and the like; and along with these practical formalities flows a running comment on affairs and society which is marked with such shrewd common sense, such far-reaching cultural and economic implications, and such kindly humour and sympathy as to make the *Homestead* a true mirror of human values. These weekly reflections are as Irish as Synge's "Playboy," they spring from the native soil as naturally as the potato-crop, and because they are imbued with the spirit of life and freedom, they can be read with equal profit and delight in Dublin, Chicago and Peking.

The secret of the *Homestead* is that it looks on life through the clear eyes of a poet and philosopher of rarely-adjusted intelligence. Years ago, when Sir Horace Plunkett founded the co-operative movement in Irish agriculture, he looked about for a man to inspire the imagination of the Irish farmers in favour of his saving idea. With remarkable insight, he selected a poet, a man of mystical inspiration, concerning whom there was even a tradition that he had talked with the fairies. In no other land but Ireland, we suspect, would such a man have been chosen to make a practical effort in what is vulgarly known in more civilized countries as salesmanship. In the United States, we are sure, the task would have been dumped on some energetic go-getter with a glib tongue for advertising-patter; a considerable overhead-worth of inefficiency men would have been established at mahogany desks; and the last state of those farmers would have been worse than the first. But when George W. Russell ("Æ") was selected as organizer and manager for the Irish co-operative movement, he merely purchased a second-hand bicycle and went pedalling about the country, visiting the farmers. Those tight-fisted and suspicious sons of the sod believed in him because, being a poet, he was one with the farmer and his stock and the growing crops and the very soil of Ireland. The result of this remarkable adventure has never been written up in any of our advanced organs of salesmanship, and probably its processes could not be adequately described in such a medium of uplift. At any rate the inspired farmers in large numbers paid in their advance-fees, and the co-operative movement was born.

The *Irish Homestead* became the organ of the co-operative movement, with Mr. Russell as its editor. For

nearly twenty years he has served its columns, and his pen seems as fresh to-day as when it began that long journey. Like most good papers, the *Homestead* has been comfortably poor. It never had a larger capital than £300, and recently, what with the continued dislocation of the economic processes of the country, the editor announced that it had come to the end of its resources, and unless it could raise £1000 in new capital it would have to suspend. The trouble was not that circulation had fallen off, for subscribers do not give up a paper like the *Homestead*, but that under the troubled conditions advertising had dwindled. A thousand pounds would carry the paper into next summer, by which time it was hoped peace might be established; and the editor declared that any smaller sum would be merely an ineffective stop-gap. He stated frankly that if present conditions continued beyond the summer the new fund would be lost, but if Ireland were restored to productivity he was confident that the paper could earn five per cent interest and eventually clear itself of debt. In America the sum asked would be scarcely more than small change, but in a poor country which, following the drain of the war, had suffered under three years of devastation by the imperial British forces and a year of civil conflict, the amount was not by any means incon-siderable.

Mr. Russell made but one condition about the money. It must by no means affect the absolute freedom of the editor. "It is the business of an editor to edit," he wrote, "and if he sinks into the position of being merely a mouthpiece of others, like a barrister paid to plead a case in whose justice he may or may not believe, he corrupts his mental integrity, and very soon he will corrupt the mental integrity of his readers."

It is pleasant to note that even amidst the welter of discordant strife in Ireland, the modest appeal was not lost. There still survived the deep-rooted Celtic feeling for something fine and true. The response of the farmers was spontaneous, and in little more than a week they came to their Ulster Protestant editor with a substantial oversubscription. This is the more remarkable because in a country of acute patriotic obsessions Mr. Russell is never nationalistic. He never condescends to flattery or the sweet confections of the editorial caterer.

Our politically and economically uneducated populace [he wrote recently] are wrecking the delicate mechanism of the body politic through inexperience. When a much larger number than at present are half-starved or out of employment they may begin to realize that the possession of a gun and the courage to use it are not necessarily associated with intelligence or capacity for leadership or statesmanship.

Again he issues the following:

The hard facts are that the country will have to settle down to hard work if we are to have any decent standard of comfort. It is a most distressing fact that everything is produced only by work. We are not in the ancient Celtic heaven-world which the inhabitants described to Cormac by saying: 'Whenever we imagine the fields to be sown they are sown. Whenever we imagine the fields to be reaped they are reaped.' There are large numbers of young men at present who get their living by looting the property of other Irishmen, and circumstances in Ireland for the past few years have made it difficult even for those who want to work to get work. We received an indignant letter from a correspondent a few weeks ago because we referred to these facts. We were accused of materialism.

This genial counsel is reminiscent of some of the speeches of our old friend Mr. Lenin to his own comrades in idealism. The idea is also used artfully by American statesmen and economists to curry favour with the dividend-drawing classes! But Mr. Russell's



mind is not of the Rotarian cast, as the following excerpt shows:

Our proletarians in Ireland have been acting on social images partly created by trade-union tradition and partly created by the revolution in Russia. These were the most vivid images of a social order imagined in recent times in their interest. But what have those who blame our proletarians for holding such images done to create better or more practical images? Who of our intellectuals or economists or captains of industry with experience in affairs has created better images? It is, we think, arguable that even from a labour point of view better images of a social order than State socialism could be imagined, but have they been put forward to labour? . . . Nations will have to solve the problem of providing a decent living for all their units who are able to work, or they will be wrecked if they do not. Our present system provides for men being taken up and laid aside like a pipe of tobacco.

Surely there is a warning in this for politicians everywhere. Likewise the following shrewd comment on present conditions in Ireland holds a cut for our hundred-per-centers who hated the Hun overmuch:

Our favourite sage tells us that things which are evil are to be combatted by thinking of the opposite. His idea was if you hate things you grow like them, a terrible fate, but we have seen many in Ireland who hated auxiliaries and black-and-tans and came a little later to go about with the very swagger of the desperadoes they hated.

It is a sort of miracle to find the clear-sighted serenity, at once so warm and so dispassionate, of the sage of the *Homestead*, surviving and flourishing in the troubled scene of Ireland. Reading over the pages one feels that if only the *Homestead* is saved out of the wreck of Irish affairs, Ireland will still preserve its essential soul.

#### NOVEMBER DAYS.

THE west was radiant with colour as I reached the lake and looked beyond the encircling hills. Immediately above the horizon, in an apple-green sky, floated two sunset clouds—coral islands in a tranquil sea. Above, in the robin's-egg blue, massive clouds were aflame, their edges touched with grey; and higher still, billowy opal clouds against a background of deeper blue. A flaming cornucopia slowly uncurled itself until it was only a long slender ribbon floating across the heavens. What fascination to watch their ever-changing shape and colour; to see them turn from white to vivid rose and, as the sun's rays touch them, take on a deeper, richer red; until, turning drab and, melting into mist, they finally merge into the steel-blue sky! In the east all was dark, forbidding, cold. Near the water's edge rested an austere purple cloud, but suddenly, kissed by the sun, it seemed to blush rosily and dimple. But the glamour vanished almost as soon as it came. In the west I saw a proud white gull rise, with a whirl of wings, from the water at my feet, and glide into the gold of the sunset, like an airship sailing off in quest of some happy adventure. In these few moments the whole west had changed. What had seemed a blue-green sea was now a desert on whose saffron sands the erstwhile rosy, boat-like clouds were patches of dark and dusty herbage; the cloudlets, a caravan of camels toiling its weary way across the desert.

In the track of the sun a fisherman cast away his minnow, stood up in his boat and raised his anchor, frightening a flock of grebe which scurried and scuttled along the surface of the water. Then there was a harsh cry, and a dextrous kingfisher swooped down from an overhanging branch and, seizing the minnow, flew exultantly with it along the wooded shore. A light breeze stirred the water into dancing ripples. Away in the south-east the scene was Oriental, with its soft gradations of saffron, yellow, rose, blue, green, like the iridescent sands of the desert beneath a cloudless sky of pure gold. Were it not for the chill winds of autumn how easy it would be to imagine oneself in the land where "the vine hath budded and its blossom is open and the pomegranates are in flower." On the hill beneath

the setting sun a field of alfalfa lay green and shining between two russet woods, and, in the midst of it rose a solitary ruddy oak. For a moment before the sun reached the rim of the hill a great splash of glowing light flooded the field and the woods; then the shadows came and robbed the scene of all its garish colours. I watched all this fade, as I listened to the twittering of the bank swallows flitting along the shore, the lowing of the distant cattle and, now and then, the harsh, discordant note of the bluejay, and the "caw caw" of the crows, which seemed to be begging for a longer day. Over the tree-tops a cormorant flew swiftly into the west; its black body and bullet-like head, with its long pink bill, gleamed for a moment in the after-glow. I wondered if it were the last of the birds seeking a night's rest. As I climbed the hill to my cottage I turned to look back at the tall oak trees silhouetted against the lake and sky. All was hushed, bathed in a silver glow as gentle as moonlight.

Later I went out into the night. Through the tree-tops the stars shone brightly—Venus, the ever-faithful, blue Vega above, Deneb the guardian of the Milky Way, Altair and ruddy Antares. Through an avenue of trees I caught a glimpse of the red embers of my neighbour's bonfire; the thin blue smoke curled lazily upward, and the light breeze brought me the scent of burning leaves and birch twigs. The air was redolent of the odours of an autumn night—the aroma of dew-laden shrubs, the pungent smoke, and the smell of the damp earth. How vividly odours bring back old memories: the sweetbrier at the gate of our childhood home; pennyroyal as we gathered blueberries in our youth; the aromatic perfume of the balsam as we searched for lady-slippers beneath its branches!

Passing through the woods to reach the open hill, I was startled by the eerie wail of a screech owl; two bats darted past my face. I heard the cheery voices of two country lads. "It's fine and clear." "Think we'll have frost." "Good night." Good, indeed! It was absolutely calm, not even a leaf rustled; one could hear only the deep breathings of the night. Dimly I could see Sadman's lonely cedar on Breakneck Hill a mile away. The long ridge beyond the lake was distinct, and hung like a deep hem on the spangled robe of the firmament. Lights flamed in the windows of a little farmhouse not far away. Within, the daily tasks were over—for all but the weary mother—and one could imagine the family seated about the lamp, the rest with books and papers, she with the never-empty mending-basket on her lap. But what light is that—now a silvery mist, and now a golden glow! It increases in strength; it lights up Smenkin's farm—the huge barns, the hay-ricks, the great, gaunt, leafless trees. Suddenly it comes into full view—the two headlamps of a motor-car! Swiftly over the brow of the hill it sweeps, down into the valley, as into an abyss, and is lost. I was not sorry to see it disappear, and turned with a sigh of relief to the fitful glow of the lights from Bramleigh town, and to the panorama of the sky. The blue-black sky was aglow. It looked like the Milky Way. Surely there never were so many stars. So large they seemed, so bright, so near! I scarcely dared stretch out my hand lest I should touch them. I watched the Big Dipper sink slowly in the north and the Pleiades tremble in the east, and the waning moon, touching the distant hill-tops with silver. As I turned towards home I felt the wind rising, and heard the rustle of the dead leaves as they scurried about the ground, and in a few hours the whole sky was overcast, and the moon hidden by great banks of rolling clouds. Ah, it is November, and with a pang of regret, I know that my days in the country are numbered.

HELEN SWIFT.

#### THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.

EVERY reader of Anatole France is, doubtless, acquainted with "Les Dieux ont soif," in which the genial sceptic exposes perhaps most clearly his opinion of human nature and particularly of the effect upon men and women of revolutionary movements whose leaders set themselves up as standard-bearers of all the ideals



that make for the regeneration of mankind. In "Les Dieux ont soif" we have a study of the Reign of Terror which is as sane and as impartial as that of Dickens, in the "Tale of Two Cities," is melodramatic and one-sided. Above all, in "Les Dieux ont soif" we have Anatole France's chuckling assurance that, no matter how lofty the ideals for which men may be striving, they must eat at least once in so often, and that whether or not they eat regularly, they will regularly abandon themselves to carnal delights. Whether it be Evariste Gamelin who in his capacity of member of the tribunal of his section, sends harmless men and women to the guillotine in the sincere belief that he is thereby benefiting the Republic, and then rushes into the arms of his mistress, Elodie, to exchange the furies of justice for those of love; whether it be Elodie, whose mind is troubled little by questions of economics or political science, and who gives herself wholeheartedly to Evariste only to yield to the pleadings of another on the very day of Gamelin's execution; whether it be Brotteaux, whose chief regret upon approaching death is that he must leave so many joys of life untasted; all these characters but serve to emphasize the underlying motive, which runs, as L. P. Shanks very aptly puts it in his monograph on Anatole France, like a scarlet thread through the story, that human nature is perennially the same and that man can not be redeemed through legislation imposed upon him by other men.

It may be argued that although Anatole France may understand thoroughly his fellow-countrymen, the types that he presents are in nowise universal, and that many of the characters and episodes in his novels are extremely antipathetic to the Anglo-Saxon nature. Be that as it may, it will hardly be denied that Anatole France knows French men and French women. That the gods who were a-thirst in 1793 did not have their fill of bloodshed and suspicion and lust was amply borne out by their conduct during the years between 1914 and 1918. Yet, throughout the Terror and in the years immediately succeeding it, the masses of men did not cease to eat and drink and make love, to organize balls in the streets of Paris and excursions into the country; in a word, to pursue the normal course of their existence as though Monarchists, Girondists, and Jacobins were tribes of unknown savages inhabiting remote deserts, and such catchwords as liberty, equality and fraternity mere combinations of meaningless syllables. That this is true of the Paris of to-day is evident almost at a glance.

For what does one see in Paris to-day? On the surface, one notes the old division into Monarchists, Girondists, and Jacobins, each party vociferating its particular point of view and prophesying for the nation the direst of dooms if its will be not done. On the right, the reactionaries—Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists—point, with the solemnity of a Chateaubriand, to the ancient ideals of France—royalty, religion, military power, solidarity of the family, development of a faithful, servile peasant-class, exclusion or total assimilation of the foreign-born—as the only safeguards for the continued existence of the nation. In the opinion of these extremists, whose theories are enunciated vociferously and, be it said, in excellent French, by Léon Daudet, Charles Maurras, and their colleagues of *l'Action française*, the whole world is France and France is entitled to as much of the world as she can conveniently govern; for them, a monarch, a powerful church, a huge army are the centralizing forces without which the nation can not exist. These are the heroes who constantly fulminate over the fail-

ure of Germany to live up to every syllable of the treaty of Versailles, and who demand the immediate seizure of the entire left bank of the Rhine as a salve to their spirits so sorely tried by this wanton and premeditated Teutonic breach of faith. In the centre, there is the *Bloc national*, a very loosely constructed political group whose leaders, like the Girondists of old, stand watch over the welfare of the Republic, but lack the courage necessary for extreme measures. The financiers of this group loudly declare the nation to be on the verge of bankruptcy; the politicians, irritated by German requests for moratoria and other easements of their present almost hopeless situation, mumble in veiled terms of reprisals, although they realize how bitterly they would be opposed by the remainder of the civilized world in the event of their resorting to force. Meanwhile the conservative press, composed of the overwhelming majority of dailies, continues to cry for reparations and still more reparations. Finally, on the left, are the Jacobins, radicals of all hues, from liberal socialists to the adherents of the Third International, who insist that both the war and the peace which concluded it were shining examples of the bungling methods of capitalism and that France is now ripe for the dominion of the proletariat. *L'Internationale*, *l'Ere Nouvelle*, *l'Humanité* and other communist and socialist papers, continually asseverate the injustice and the impossibility of France's collecting any reparations from Germany, and call for the overthrow of the inefficient bourgeois Government, so that the working classes may be given the opportunity to show the world how a nation like France may be converted into a Utopia.

Where there is such unanimity concerning the present distressful condition of France, there must exist at least a grain of truth. With many of her wealthiest districts devastated by the war now slowly, but oh so slowly! recovering; with her money depreciated to less than half its normal value so that the importation of raw materials imposes an exceedingly heavy burden upon her manufacturers; France, to whom the whole world once owed money and who is now heavily indebted to almost all her sister-nations, France is undoubtedly in deep financial straits. Her political situation is but little better, for it has been controlled since the elections of 1919 by a party of pure compromise; a party which has little in the way of a definite programme. One may well wonder whether it will be the Monarchist right or the Jacobin left which will displace, at the next elections, these pusillanimous Girondists. Will France remain a democratic Republic, will she rally about the standard of a descendant of Charles X, Louis-Philippe, or Napoleon III, or will she, by a revolution similar to the one which overthrew the Kerensky Government in Russia, become a sister to the Soviet Republic of Eastern Europe? These are grave questions, and they are ominous enough to give rise to much anxious meditation on the part of all classes of the French people.

Yet, it may be asked again, what does one see in Paris to-day? One sees nothing more than a repetition of "Les Dieux ont soif," due allowances being made for the change in external circumstances. The catchwords of liberty, equality, fraternity, long since accepted as part and parcel of the Gallic genius, are replaced by others expressive of such ideas as the annihilation of the imperialistic spirit wherever it prevails, the substitution of the cult of beauty for the cult of force, or the mission of France to inculcate the truth, as she sees it, upon mankind. Thus the



politicians and the demagogues. The gods of power and suspicion and lust are still athirst—among the leaders. But the great masses of the French people concern themselves little with the catchwords of the politicians and the thirst of the gods. They are too busy, as they were during the Terror, quenching their own thirst—a purely human thirst for the comforts, even the joys, of life. In Paris, at least, there seems to be almost no unemployment, and the wages paid to skilled and unskilled labourers appear to be sufficient to permit of the maintenance of the standard of living established during the war. The middle classes, though constantly complaining of the stagnancy of commerce and the high cost of living, are apparently not denying themselves any of the luxuries to which they have become accustomed in recent years; and one sees evidence everywhere that the rich are growing steadily richer.

It may be that Paris seems so prosperous because of the tremendously large number of tourists always crowding its streets, its cafés, its theatres. But this by no means explains the whole situation; for surely the number of well-dressed people who throng the boulevards, brasseries, and music halls are not composed of more than fifty per cent of foreigners. If one wanders away from the boulevards to the faubourgs, from the Place de l'Opéra to the Square du Temple or to the streets leading into the Champ de Mars, where, for the most part, the only foreigners to be seen are those who are being shown about the city in sight-seeing auto-busses, one finds that the life of the French people seems unchanged and the *esprit gaulois* as active as ever. Certainly the thousands of people who danced and drank and made love in the streets of every quarter of Paris for four successive nights in celebration of the "*fêtes du quatorze juillet*" were French; and these thousands were as little concerned about reparations or imperialism as are similar throngs during carnival week in almost any Italian town or the "*fiesta San Jacinto*" in San Antonio, Texas.

As Randolph Bourne has somewhere concretely put it, the prime business of life is to keep from being bored; and nothing is quite so boring to the masses of men as the political and social sciences. It is far easier (in France!) to drink a glass of beer that is in one's hand than to worry about where the next glass is coming from, and when one dances, one cares little whether the orchestra is playing in the shadow of the guillotine or in that of the Palais de l'Elysée. Though the governmental gods may be thirsty, the gods of the common people are joyously, often riotously, full. Through the woof and web of political machinations and utopian schemes, there runs always the scarlet thread of human joys, woes, and appetites.

Much is constantly being said in defence or in exco-riation of the Gallic theory that the satisfaction in moderation of the appetites is neither physically nor morally harmful. The sole point that need be emphasized here is that what his sense of humour is to the intellectual American, the keen sense of living, the *joie de vivre*, is to the average Frenchman—a saving grace that enables him to surmount cheerfully the most terrifying obstacles. A nation which can enjoy life, in terms of the mystical ecstasies of religion, the raptures of artistic creation, and the ordinary pleasures of the routine of existence, can not perish from the earth, no matter how thirsty may be the gods of prejudice and violence.

AARON SCHAFFER.

### NORTH AND SOUTH: III.

It is perhaps unfair to define a people by what it has not done; but a preliminary unfairness is a method not unfruitful of approaching a subject; and it is true of Russia that she is a nation without a drama. Her history and her literature are full of great episodes; she has produced two organizers of the first rank, Peter the Great and Lenin; but she has never had the organic integrity which makes the history of Western nations, chaotic as it may be on close examination, continuous and unified. The organization imposed on Russia by Peter was external; the chaos remained, immemorial and unchangeable; and the order became merely a part of it, the most schematized and irrelevant part, put there, God knew how, or simply because a man of tremendous character had happened to exist. Peter, like Lenin, was Western in training and aspiration, more fanatically and naïvely Western than anyone could be who was born in the West; and Merejkowsky has given us Russia's opinion of him: he chose Peter as his symbol of the Antichrist. The Russian people did not co-operate with Peter in the establishment of his State; and they seem never to have had since any anxiety whether there was a State or not. Such a profound indifference as this to organization and law makes one wonder whether Russia has ever desired to be a nation at all, and whether the existence in her of a central authority is not pure chance, an irrelevancy to her—necessary and distasteful. The controversy which occupied so much of her time last century between the Westernizers and the apostles of "Holy Russia" was a controversy unconsciously about the State. The Western Russians such as Bielensky wished to make Russia into a nation like France or England; and it was against this that Dostoevsky fought with such passion, in the name of some unity which seemed to him larger than the nation and more necessary than law. To become a citizen with public spirit and an eye on progress was to him a lively image of spiritual death, for it set up boundaries on every side, political, intellectual and spiritual. Western Europe believes that these limits are necessary, that existence is such that we must accept them; but to Russia they are evil and uninteresting and stupid beyond endurance. Russians either disbelieve in the necessity of these limits or think they are not worth reflecting about; to get satisfaction in speculation upon them is to be bourgeois. If any of Mr. Wells's sociological heroes had been portrayed by a Russian novelist, they would as a matter of course have been portrayed as Philistines. Pushkin concerned himself, after his first liberalism, with poetry; Dostoevsky, with religion; Tolstoy, with morality; and all three were averse to politics, to any necessity which denied the spontaneity of their spiritual life. This spontaneity was the thing for which they exchanged everything else; and those actions which were designed to bring about a certain end seemed to them ungenerous and evil. The man of action was to them the supreme representative of what is anti-human, anti-Russian, anti-Christian, and never great, whatever his apparent power might be, but of a lower, utilitarian and successful order. Tolstoy's portrait of Napoleon in "War and Peace" is the Russian conception of the man of action; the man always crippled in his emotions by the *arrière-pensée* of success, and never rising to contemplation, or aware of the greatness of the destinies which he directed. There must be no calculated action, no State, no necessity; but the spontaneous generosity of one's spirit. The occupation of Russian literature with this has



given it a profundity in psychology which is unexampled; but it has interdicted that realm in which the literature of Western Europe is so rich, where the might of calculated wills meet and do battle, or are brought to nothing by the necessity of things; and Russia, recognizing no necessity, has no drama.

For Pushkin's "Boris Godounov" is not a tragedy but a succession of great scenes; and the plays of Chekhov, able as they are, are not dramas in the Western sense. The strength of the Russian indifference to Fate, even as a conception, may be seen from this: that to write dramas Chekhov had to invent a whole new technique in which not the conflict between wills but their complete inability to impinge upon one another was made interesting. To give the chance happening, the casual, almost insignificant word a dramatic poignancy; to make the lack of organic unity the chief seduction of the play: that is what Chekhov succeeded in doing. His drama is so different from that of Western Europe that it needs a different technique of acting; and as in France and England the actors must aim at movement and intensity, so in Chekhov's plays they must attain a deliberate abnegation of intensity. The characters in Western drama move to an end, but in Chekhov's plays, they wait about, and the end comes, it is not achieved. These people behave so uselessly, so without plan and so much out of the emotion of the moment that they have not enough method even to bring a play to an end; and Chekhov, the chronicler, as he himself said of the Russian decadence, differed from Tolstoy and Dostoevsky only in the weaker vitality of the emotions he described. In Tolstoy, too, one gets as strongly as in Chekhov a sense of the disorganization of life: the sole difference is that action in his world is infinitely more overflowing, more passionate: it is not any more ordered than necessary. In a work as short as "The Cossacks" there is no centre of action; people walk in and out again; do this or that, almost impartially; and if they have the inevitability of life they have not that of art. Something is described, but nothing is organized; and the book is a chronicle rather than a novel. The characters have impulses and impulses solely; they enjoy these impulses and follow them with naïve naturalism. But in a story so short they have not space to bring the action to a point; they need more room and a longer time if they are to appear completely; and length is a necessary quality in a Russian novel. Yet even in the great novels the characters only show themselves, and nothing decisive is done; or, rather, it is done and again undone, and the story goes on with the unexpectedness of life. Matthew Arnold remarked of "Anna Karenina" that in an English or French novel the action would have ended where Anna and Vronsky ask pardon of the husband, and where Vronsky commits suicide. But no; Vronsky recovers from his revolver-shot; Anna gets better; her husband cracks his knuckles more maddeningly than ever; and the lovers carry on their affair where it left off. And this is because Anna's repentance was an impulse and her re-awakened passion for Vronsky an impulse; Vronsky's revolver-shot an impulse and his desire to recover an impulse. Nothing was done out of a regard for duty, and it is not surprising that Arnold, who expected to find conduct in three-fourths of life, was puzzled. Yet in spite of their disregard for duty these people act with such a profound humanism that one is astonished at their goodness. They sin without pettiness, but also without that pose of greatness in sin which makes a little

absurd the grand transgressor as conceived by the Latin peoples. They behave like angels even when they behave like fallen angels; for there is in their vice as little as in their virtue an eye on practical results. Duty in the Western sense is a great conception, and gives the life of the Western peoples a title to respect; but it has to pay for harnessing every good impulse to a useful end by suffering the evil impulses also to become effectual. Vice in the Western style is methodical vice, and is typified in Molière's Harpagon, in Richardson's Lovelace, in Valerie Marneffe, Emma Bovary and Becky Sharp, and in the minor villains introduced into English novels to awaken a detestation of sin. If one does not sin deliberately, deriving some reward from it, in the eyes of the Western peoples one does not sin at all; and they regard the unprofitable transgressions of men as accidents demanding humour or pity. The methodical sinner one can find as seldom in Russian literature as the methodical man of virtue.

In Tolstoy there is this sense of the disorganization, the unpredictability of life; but in Dostoevsky it becomes chaotic, and while in "War and Peace" we see impulses directing corporeal bodies, in "The Brothers Karamazov" we are aware only of the gigantic tempest of the impulses, and the people are in a different dimension where they move dimly. We do not see Dostoevsky's characters; we feel them. We know them from inside, but we would not know them if we met them in the street, as we would know Anna or the most slightly etched figure in "War and Peace." To discover that they are really Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov or Ivan Karamazov, we must have Dostoevsky beside us to point out their secrets and their complexes. They do not exist for us at all in repose, as the characters of Tolstoy and Balzac do, but only in action and violent action; and they have nothing static, nothing of the quality of pictures. We can imagine Crevel lying in bed, simply lying in bed; but we could only imagine Raskolnikov doing so if at the same time he had a fever or a nightmare. It was the fever and the nightmare which were most interesting to Dostoevsky, and not Raskolnikov. How many incredible impulses will come out of one man, like rabbits out of a conjurer's hat, given a certain situation, or given none at all: that question entranced him. His characters are accordingly always surprised, one suspects too continuously surprised, at the things they do. Nothing in them is typical, for every decision they make is an exception to a rule which they do not know. They act not only from impulse, but from an impulse always paradoxical. They are continuously supernatural or sub-natural, and there is scarcely an instance in their experience of a simple human emotion. Nothing in literature is farther away from the necessary and the typical. It is not merely that they are oblivious of the rule, as Tolstoy's characters are; they involuntarily violate it at every turn, out of an unconscious enmity to it which must be expressed. In this they are not so much human beings as the vehicles of Dostoevsky's terrific sense of the duality of human life, a duality of which he saw only that it made every paradox possible, because one could not tell when one term would prevail over the other, or on how absurd an issue the victory might be gained, or, indeed, which side was which. Here the sense of Fate in the Western sense is almost entirely lost. Everything is possible, and especially the impossible, and that is all that can be said.

This people, in whom the sense of duality is so strong, whose portrayer is Tolstoy and whose patholo-



gist is Dostoevsky, has far less than others a single essence which can be grasped. Russia is sometimes both terms in her duality, sometimes one, sometimes neither; she is a Proteus which not only changes its shape every moment, but which seems to exist in different shapes at the same time. She has an attitude neither to herself nor to Europe, although Europe obsesses her. In Germany and the Northern countries the longing for the South is almost inescapable; in Italy and France the conviction that existence is an end and that it has been reached is settled for good; in England the sense of confidence and stability is so unalterable that only the destruction of England will break it. But one can not say what Russia is. She has not the Northern reverence for the established culture of the South; but that is not because she is content with herself. She has not the completeness of life which is the sign of a ripeness, but nevertheless there is no achievement in the world of fact which she longs either to understand or to imitate. She is the most quick of all nations in grasping foreign civilizations and cultures, and the most disdainful of these once she has grasped them. In power and depth of intellect she is astonishing to slower peoples like the English, yet to her, literally and not in theory, the last is the first, and the *muzhik* more than the philosopher. There is no Fate binding her warring qualities together, yet her disorder gives one a sense of overflowing riches; and although her wealth has an appearance of waste, it does not seem to be altogether wasted. Success and failure are to her, in Nietzsche's phrase, responses; and she has never been able to decide which is to be preferred. This is because she lives more continuously and more spontaneously than any other people in the realm which one may call with equal inadequacy æsthetic or spiritual. She lives there as completely as beings can in a world of corporeal facts; and her life accordingly is far more rich than her achievement, just as the achievement of Western Europe is at present more rich than its life. For living as she does more than other nations in "the invisible world," where the spirit bloweth where it listeth, and the compulsion of Fate is not keenly felt, the gulf between the spiritual and the practical is wide, and the invisible life has a separate and unconditional existence of its own. Consequently the experiences of the spirit are in Russia felt more freshly and with more intensity than anywhere else in Europe. A Western European regarding this uniquely interesting life will be forced to admit that failure, like everything else, has its compensation, and in an access of generosity may go the length of regretting the slow and magnificent success of Western Europe, piled up by the successive waves of century after century.

Yet all these feelings, of longing, of admiration, of regret, of sufficiency in races, are in a sense idle: they are responses. Nations remain what they are, and one can not by taking thought become French or Russian. It may be that Russia would be the better for acquiring a few English qualities, and that England would be improved if she were to Russianize; but it is certain that neither will do so. Nothing is more idle than to blame nations for their qualities, or to make any judgment between them. The formlessness of Russia can not be set as a defect against the form of the South, but only as a quality; for here we are not concerned with virtues and vices, but with virtues solely. These virtues build up nations and at the due time dissolve them again; and the centre of primacy in the world moves from one point to

another in obedience to a law or a chance which is greater than any nation. It passed from Egypt, which is now only a myth and a wreck of statuary, to Greece, to Rome, to Western Europe; and it will pass inevitably from that to some other point, to Russia, to America, perhaps to China, on the day when Russia, America or China will be more significant to men than Western Europe. The day of greatness, like that of death, comes as a thief in the night; and Western Europe will not go down in a visible apocalypse, but noiselessly and unperceived, when men's interest has been withdrawn from it and given to something else. But when that will be it is not for anyone to guess. One thing, at any rate, is certain; that Western Europe is, like Egypt and Greece, eternal whether it passes away or remains; and the rise and fall of civilizations are not to be mourned with irrevocable sorrow by those who have learnt the secret of making them immortal.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: XIV.

London. November, 1922.

O! COUSIN, cousin! England is herself again, her own very best, deliciously comic self! Do you remember those scenes in Congreve where nothing very much is happening and nothing particularly witty is being said and yet the whole atmosphere of the play is, because of them, blindingly, quiveringly full of the comic spirit? That spirit is abroad now, adorably putting everybody in his or her place, no matter what outward seeming of importance he or she may have achieved: a benign truthfulness, a kindly sarcasm, reveals pretentious emptiness and empty pretensions, and like Daddy in the nursery rhyme, I have gone a-hunting, with a good sturdy gelding named Paddy who really knows the game and is willing to teach me all he knows.

How English! A revolution happens overnight and one goes fox-hunting! Yet what better can one do? The new society has not yet evolved its rhythm, and what sweeter rhythm is there than that of fox-hounds, horses and men all caught up in a wild chase across country? When Paddy gets going and I strike the thrilling balance of his gallop, every other thought and desire is caught up and merged in the liberation of life that goes streaming away down the wind. The fox pays the price of it all. He is almost the last wild animal left in Great Britain, and he pays, the charming, clever, red beast, he pays.

He is such a charming beast that the other day he lured me into a crime. He came out of cover within twenty yards of me and stood with his paw up calculating his chances, looked at me, and I swear understood the kindly sort of chump I am, for he slipped quietly back into cover. I should have halloo'd for all I was worth and headed him out, and my silence—for Paddy and I were alone with the fox—was a shameful crime. But, abandoned wretch that I am, I glory in my shame and write it down, though it embroil me for ever and as deeply with the Tory party as I have been these many years with the Liberal-Imperial.

The election is being carried on in a kind of stupefaction. In so far as it is like a hunt, it resembles most a drag in which half a dozen men have been out with red herrings: half a dozen scents with nothing for hounds at the end of any of them. One wonders why it is being held at all, except that under the Constitution there is no other means of breaking up the machinery of dictatorship which was created during the war, and from old habit we can only act constitutionally. Anything that interferes with fox-hunting and horse-racing is with us, quite rightly, unthinkable. We are really a very nice people, shy in the face of change; but when change is shown to be inevitable we will make a thorough job of it so long as it is done quietly and without any fuss. I find everywhere a tranquil, deep relief that we



have done with the hypocrisy which has blackened our history for the last hundred years. Quiet little ladies and gentlemen with perfect manners express the most startling opinions and without anybody noticing it have admitted the most violent bolshevism to their world, which is the only practical world, the only world in which things can be done, because it is the only world in which life is understood and loved. That is London's secret: impenetrable to outsiders, hidden even from many of my neighbours who can plume themselves on having been on the inside for generations. It consists, I think, in a habit of complete reservation against an idea of any kind until the human mind has grown entirely used to and familiar with it. Until that is the case it does not matter what external ruin eventuates, what tragedy creeps abroad; nothing can be done, nothing will be done until it can be done politely, for done in any other way, it must result in confusion worse confounded. Ideas are not admitted as ideas until they have become bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh. The one great English figure of the nineteenth century was Charles Darwin; and it was not for nothing that the idea of evolution was formulated in these islands.

It is fairly openly admitted now that the British Empire was a disastrous improvisation, a thing invented to keep pace with our more vulgar adventurers whose apparent success made it very difficult to disown them; an attempt to constitutionalize them and the railways, motor-cars, telegraphs, aeroplanes, which produced such enormous changes in human habits, changes only now admitted, but, once admitted, admitted so thoroughly that the admission is accompanied by an almost bewildering innocent ignorance of there ever having been anything wrong. The Turk? Why, of course, the Turk is a good fellow: so is the fox, whom, in approbation of one of our really great men, we call Charles Fox. The Russian? Why, yes, the Russian is a good fellow too! Did anybody say the contrary? It was only in those vulgar newspapers.

You see, for the English, whatever things are, they must not be vulgar. If they are vulgar they do not exist, and when a Englishman takes it into his head that a thing doesn't exist it just doesn't, even though it have the power to ruin and destroy him, even though in a moment of aberration he may have been lauding it to the skies a moment before. Hence these sudden turns of world-policy which reduce quieter and more calculating people to hysteria, and their bitter complaints that they never know where they are. The essential Englishness of the English thinks through the rhythm of ships and the rhythm of horses and not at all through the rhythm of the human mind. What is good for ships and horses is good for human beings, or at any rate for English human beings, and that is all there is to it. It is the experience of the race and there is no other source of wisdom. The Americans may substitute bathrooms and motor-cars for ships and horses, but we in London, in the Parish of St. James, do not believe they will get very far.

We are comedians. What we are after is the comic spirit, and we have it moving now as never before. It is fundamentally the only thing we believe in. It makes sense out of nonsense; it deflates the inflated; it painlessly removes ideas that never by any chance can hope to be admitted to the practical world; it reveals beauty in a sudden tolerable intimacy without the fatigue of pity and terror; it allows a man, while with Hamlet he is prowling about in his soul, to rub shoulders with princes and pimps in company with Falstaff; it gives a man some measure of how far as an individual the race will allow him to go—and, as the music-hall comedians say, that's that.

Now any man who asks the Englishman to be other than he is, is a vulgar person and his existence is ignored. That happens automatically, and it looks very much as though, as the result of this vulgar business of the war-debts, the English were going to ignore both Europe and America in favour of—Canada. Bonar Law is a Canadian, Beaverbrook is a Canadian, the Duke of

Devonshire has been Governor-General of Canada; and beavers can no more change their fur than leopards can their spots, so that the British ship of State may cast anchor in Montreal and stay there. "O, God! O, Montreal!" How often bitter words come home to roost! It would be a delightful piece of irony if Sam Butler's savage poem were to become the hymn of our national aspiration to make Canada, at least, less awful than it is. Beaverbrook's paper, the *Express*, says we need look no farther than the Empire, meaning Canada; but for us English these Colonials have a terrible way of becoming vulgar and automatically nonexistent. However, we shall see. I don't think any Government will be able to afford to stay in very long, and while Governments hop in and out books and plays will come into their own and we shall be able to import jazz-Negroes from America and musicians from Germany, the two things that we really need to melt—a little, not too much—the stiffness of our gentility.

GILBERT CANNAN.

## PHANTOM.

### LIX

So Aunt Schwab, sitting in the dim light on her red plush sofa and looking up at me, her idolized nephew, had said these words: "You are the most contemptible scoundrel I ever knew in my life." And I, as I have just written, felt myself exposed to the backbone by a single slash.

At this moment I was confirmed in the realization that I was indeed no longer worthy of Veronica and must treat her as one dead. Yet my heart cried out for her in this terrible hour, in which the death-blow was being delivered to my moral personality. Yes, I should have died blissful, with the exultation of any Christian martyr, if I might have made her understand, lying at her feet, that like a moth I had sought and found death in her flame. Later on I once yielded to the inward impulse to reveal this to the beautiful child, who had never even so much as exchanged a word with me. The letter came back unopened.

There can be no thought, however, of trying to describe the storm that arose in me at my aunt's words. It is certain that before I allowed the first word of my answer to escape from my lips I had regained my composure. I felt the whole seriousness of my situation, and was resolved to leave no means untried to avoid being unmasked. The direct and excessively brutal attack of my aunt afforded the first basis for my defensive tactics.

"First let me light up," I said, and proceeded to do so without undue haste. Then I continued, "There, now we have light, and now we'll look at everything in the light."

"You know I am no friend of excitement," said I, as she was about to burst forth. "If I really am what you say, then our getting excited won't change it, either. By the way, I am thirsty," I had the impudence to conclude, "for you know I don't like to keep you waiting when you send for me, so I've been hurrying. Perhaps you might give me a bottle of beer."

She began again; "Lorenz, you are the most contemptible scoundrel . . ."

"Don't take any more trouble at all," I interrupted her, "for I pay no attention to anything that has no basis in reason, and if you are going to continue like that, don't be surprised if I reach for my hat. An hour will surely come when you are in a better humour."

She managed to pant, "You two have deceived me, give an accounting." She wept. She could not get out another word.

I said calmly, "Who has betrayed you? What 'you two' do you mean?"

Of course the details of the conversation are no longer in my memory. At any rate, I knew ultimately beyond a doubt that my aunt, probably through her police commissioner, was pretty well informed about our actions.

I had succeeded, or at least I thought so, in making plausible to her a certain business connexion between myself and the baroness, because the latter could be very serviceable as an agent. The liaison with her daughter was denied and roundly declared to be a base calumny. Likewise Vigotschinsky's liaison with my sister, as that



infuriated my aunt more than anything. At the same time I gave her to understand, or at least pretended to, that I did not approve of her own relations with Vigottschinsky. The mere fact that I knew of them embarrassed her. I was only acting along his own line when I tried to strengthen my aunt's confidence in me by expressing my doubts of Vigottschinsky's character. I went farther and said that his name could not possibly be registered as partner in the new firm. So much had become clear to me by listening here and there, I said, that the decent commercial world would absolutely reject him. At times it seemed as if by such subterfuges my aunt could be made to change her mind again after all, and be won over to renewed confidence and even to an apology. I got my beer after a time, yes, and had to share her supper. But I kept feeling all the time that the peace was deceptive.

The speech to which she adhered was about as follows: "I may have used too strong an expression when I called you a scoundrel. It may be that I have been misled by gossip and calumny, and that the business you are doing promises profit. To-day is Wednesday. You have till Saturday. Either Melanie and you will appear Saturday noon at twelve o'clock with all the accounts of your business, or you can count on sitting behind iron bars with your accomplices on the evening of that same day. Let the baroness look out for herself too."

## LX

Until daybreak Vigottschinsky, my sister, and I held a council of war in our so-called office, with wine and cigars. At about half-past nine we heard as usual, from inside the theatre, the blank cartridges of the great Indian attack. The great theatrical hit, "Around the World in Eighty Days," was still being played. The ground was rather hot under us, and we should have been glad to set sail for the New World, or anywhere else.

Our situation was fairly hopeless. Not because we had no account-books. We did not think that my aunt would immediately deliver us over to the courts on that account. First of all Vigottschinsky would try to make another of his attempts at reconciliation, and then, too, my aunt had reasons for being very reluctant to have dealings with the courts. No, our case was hopeless because we had contracted other debts and absolutely needed more money, without any prospect of squeezing a single additional red cent out of Aunt Schwab.

This state of affairs did not seem to find Vigottschinsky unprepared; but for a long time I did not know where to turn. I thought of stringing myself up, but I could not even think the thought of crawling back into my cast-off skin. Rather die than admit before Melitta and her mother so pitiful a downfall. And, anyway, I could die and thus be torn from Melitta. But I was incapable of tearing myself away from her while living, from the enjoyments and ecstasies that she knew how to give. No, if the worst came to the worst, I should perhaps end it all by a leap into the Oder. Vigottschinsky, as I say, seemed to have reckoned on the present crisis and to be closer to his goal. He favoured my aunt with the filthiest expressions, which outdid anything that his hatred had ever achieved in this direction before, and spared no means of egging me on to a like hatred of her. I had reported to him verbally the sentence which my aunt had used to greet me with, and this sentence, in which I was branded as the most contemptible scoundrel, was indeed well suited to awaken in me the desire for retaliation, and, put to good account, to cause a wild feeling of revenge to flare up in my deranged mind.

## LXI

I did not see Melitta or my mother on the following day; for my sister, Vigottschinsky, and I did not lose sight of each other. Without its being said, I felt that there was something wholly new and fearful between us, whereby we were being welded together in an unexampled manner. It seemed quite natural to me that we should breakfast in an out-of-the-way basement-lunch, that we took our dinner in an ill-lighted den which bordered on disreputable, tumble-down tenements, that we drank Nordhausen corn-brandy with it and at evening were still

drinking corn-brandy, and that we stayed awake all that following night, or at most slept a little in our clothes, our arms resting on a pot-house table, our foreheads pillowed on the backs of our hands.

In all that I had so far seen and done in these two nights and a day I was helpless, in the main. We were drifting as it were on a resistlessly flowing stream. Vigottschinsky steered our craft. Whither was he steering it, what goal had he chosen for the journey? A vague presentiment of it may well have breathed upon me, much as when you go past some old bit of masonry, and from a basement-hole the chill iron- and mould-laden breath of a subterranean torture-chamber makes your soul shudder.

I lacked any power to take the rudder from the helmsman, or to jump out of the boat. Either death awaited me in the flood, or in spite of my attempted flight I should in the end be drawn alive into the wake of the boat and so be carried along to its fearful goal.

The subsequent testimony of Vigottschinsky decidedly tested my passivity: I had frequently behaved wildly, and by furious pounding on the table at times had deadened his doubts and his conscience. I denied this before the judge. But if I really did so, then probably the unwonted and immoderate consumption of brandy took from me any recollection of it. I have since attempted countless times over to recall to my memory those fearful nights that preceded the crime, and truly it may be a fact that I made on him at times the described impression. One and another trace of it rises dimly in my memory. But in that case I behaved noisily in order to disguise my inward weakness, my lack of the "will to the deed." Perhaps I willed to crime without wishing it, and thought in my wretchedness that I could keep my hands clean if I let Vigottschinsky's plans take their course.

Upon these nights followed another day. On the night of Friday we were going to proceed to the execution. In these three nights, without any exaggeration, my hair turned grey.

Even in the evening before the deed, which was carried out without me, I was wholly apathetic. I had become acquainted with all sorts of types of male and also female rogues, and had plunged with a kind of suicidal fury into the vortex of sensual orgies. Things went on there, and my sister even participated in them, than which nothing more animal or satanic can be imagined, and the recollection of which still corrodes my soul with burning stains. Inextinguishable, stinking stains.

When I took leave of Vigottschinsky on the evening before the crime, after we had agreed on the hour and place where he was to pass the plunder on to me for his greater security, I hoped that the unendurable tension in my brain would soon degenerate into madness. And when instead of this I subsequently recovered my senses in a prison cell, that too was a great blessing to me.

My aunt was to be robbed. The scrapp<sup>1</sup> had been framed by a practised peter-man, a rascally friend of Vigottschinsky, the latter, my sister, and myself. I use these terms of the rogues' cant because they became familiar to me in those fearful nights. The rogues had even initiated me into their guild with a grotesque dance and a baptism of corn-whisky, under the name of Crook-leg. In the opinion of the experts the scrapp could be managed without difficulty. The only thing was not to have just the worst kind of bad luck.

Of course there was no idea of even touching a hair of the victim's head.

The whole affair went off exactly in accordance with the predetermined plan. Only unfortunately it was overstepped in one single point, which to be sure cost Vigottschinsky his life.

Vigottschinsky visited my aunt on the basis of his former but now somewhat cooled relations, to which, however, in case he seriously wanted to do so, he knew how to give the old warmth. He was bringing my aunt good news. There was awaiting her, he said, in the visit of myself and my sister on the following day a great satisfaction.

<sup>1</sup> Translator's note: Thieves' cant; stagger—to stand sentry; scrapp—plan of robbery; frame—to prepare; peter—a safe; peter-man—safe-cracker.



Aunt kept him to supper, as was to be expected; they drank some wine, and so it continued according to programme, in that she kept the rascal with her overnight. The latter had put a sleeping-draught into her last glass of wine just before going to bed, and in view of his position of trust near her, it was easy for him, even if she should awake, to hold her attention and to divert her from the proceedings in the adjoining little pawn-office. It was a feature of the general depravity in the nature of Vigottschinsky, that his sensual impulses shrank from nothing when it was a question of his advantage.

From midnight on my sister had to stay on Copper-smith Street in the rain. Various high-calls, that is, signs, in which she possessed a great skill, had been agreed upon for the approaching peter-man. Also she was a past-mistress, as her darkness-loving fellow-rogues said, in the arts by which one manages to divert any disturbance that threatens, and to entice the disturber away from the scene of action. I am convinced that the fabric of the plan was of long preparation, for everything was so ingeniously thought out and with so many precautions.

Soon after twelve Vigottschinsky opened a window, and when the watchman had passed on his rounds, he threw down on the pavement for my sister, as soon as she stepped from the shadow of a certain gateway, the house-key carefully wrapped in paper. Melanie picked up the key and walked, at first slowly, then faster as soon as she had turned into a side-alley, on a definite, long, labyrinthine course, leading to a pre-arranged spot where she handed the key over to the peter-man. He now set out for my aunt's house, whither she followed him, but at so great a distance that she could just barely keep him in sight. She walked into Copper-smith Street at the very instant when the rogue disappeared into my aunt's house.

### LXII

I have often wondered why Vigottschinsky did not want to carry out without me his unquestionably long-cherished plan. He was better acquainted with my aunt's habits than I. He knew exactly where she kept her cash, certain valuable papers, and her jewellery, also where she hid the keys to all these special receptacles. He had made my aunt's house the object of his close scrutiny during the course of several years, and knew his way about in it better than she did. If he could not manage the mechanism of the fire-proof safe, I certainly could not do anything for him, for my aunt never let anyone come near that steel fortress. So he could not do without the cracksmen and other accomplices of the rogues' guild.

Well then: what use had he for me, to whom he must after all turn over a goodly portion of the plunder, if all went well? I presume, in the first place, in order to stiffen his own back, since he was probably only a beginner in the profession of thief. Out of the honesty and stability which he saw in me he made himself the firm prop, the post that he needed, in order to let the creepers of his criminal ideas twine around it. Welcome to him was, moreover, my combination of ingenuousness and folly. Such a fool as I, if rightly used, one might perhaps be able to employ as a dummy, or to pull the chestnuts out of the fire; and then it would ultimately not be hard to cheat him out of them again, without even having burned one's own little finger. Then let him perish, covered with burns. But who can genuinely illuminate the fine and complex motives of the soul? Of course there are often quite inactive persons who are only capable of developing their energy by making common cause with others. And who knows but that Vigottschinsky just simply had a fellow feeling for me?

The plunder was to be handed over by the cracksmen, since Vigottschinsky did not wish to leave the house, partly to my staggering sister, partly to a certain reliable man who was to set off with it to Dresden that same night. My sister, on the other hand, was awaited at the Freiburg station by a so-called officer's widow, who was travelling with her son and who was to receive unobtrusively my sister's part of the plunder and carry it to Berlin. The place and date of the so-called smack, that is, the division of the spoils, had been fixed in a little town, upon the

punctual observance of which one could rely without any danger of defalcation, according to Vigottschinsky's assurance, in view of the honesty of the thieves among themselves.

Vigottschinsky believed himself capable of watching the discovery of the burglary, on awaking the next morning, of simulating horror and astonishment, comforting my aunt, and encouraging her in the hope of recovering the stolen goods, of notifying the police, and taking the first steps for the discovery of the thieves. I am convinced that his impudence was equal to this plan.

In that night cash and other valuables to the amount of at least one hundred and twenty thousand marks were stolen by burglary from the pawn-shop of Helen Schwab. Of this entire plunder very little, on the whole, was ever seen again, perhaps a gold ring, or a gold watch with a monogram. This success, however, which did no good to either Vigottschinsky or me, was secured only by a hair's breadth.

At the door of the old house, of which the pawn-broker occupied the second story, there was a bell-pull by which one could even get her out at night. It was hers to decide whether she regarded the money-seeking night-hawk both as deserving of confidence and as a sufficiently juicy morsel to warrant her opening the door for him. Such a night-hawk my sister had successfully intercepted and lured into a dark alley by means of her charms and feminine wiles of every sort.

While she was still occupied with this person, so that she could no longer keep watch on the door, the bell had been pulled by a telegraph messenger, who was looking for an address because he could not deliver a telegram. Vigottschinsky was immediately down at the door, and soon afterward the messenger was already running off along the house-fronts in pursuance of his duty. But my aunt, whom Vigottschinsky had left asleep, was asleep no more; she had awakened, and he found her in a struggle with the burglar.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

(Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.)  
(To be continued.)

## ART.

### THE FUTURE OF PAINTING.

#### II: THE ART OF COLOUR.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the creative artist—and especially the artist whose æsthetic instincts tended towards visual expression—felt the need of a new method of stating his artistic concepts. He had come to realize that the existing graphic means were exhausted. The colossal forms of Rubens, organized with a highly sensitized and magistral technique, left the painter facing a *néant*. To surpass Rubens was impossible. The principles of composition had been mastered and stated in perfectly poised three-dimensional form. The implication of abstract plasticity had been projected through recognizable subject-matter; and nothing was to be gained by merely eliminating the naturalistic object—the only possible logical step left for the painter to take. In fact, the elimination of representative document would do away with, or at least greatly diminish, the emotional appeal of painting; for the form, being intellectual, required the emotional balance of objective nature. Hence, to carry painting to its logical conclusion would result in a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Wherein, then, lay the opportunity for visual expression, without resorting to mere repetition and imitation? The answer was: in colour. (In Ruskin's expositions of Turner's painting, and in the notebooks of Delacroix, we find abundant evidence that these two great precursors of the art of colour reasoned along this very line; and that their reasoning—often instinctive and intuitive—led to their elaborate colour-theories and to their entirely new treatment of pigments.)

Paradoxical as it may seem, all painting up to the time of Turner and Delacroix was an art of black-and-white. Colour played no organic part in the classic



pictorial conception. All forms and rhythms were conceived and expressed in *drawing*. The "studies" for most of the great masterpieces of the past were done in monochrome; and the most profound problems presented by these pictures were solved by line and black-and-white masses. Colour, as a rule, was put on as an afterthought, generally in imitation of nature, as a kind of decoration or beautification. It was, in short, merely a reinforcement of drawing. This is why the majority of the works of the old masters are as artistic in black-and-white reproduction as in their original colours. In fact, many an old masterpiece is superior in black-and-white reproduction, for the functioning of the superimposed colours (which was not then understood) does not clash with the functioning of the lines and forms. The fact is: *the art of painting is not an art of colour*. Had there been only black-and-white oil-paints, the art of painting would still have progressed very much as it has done.

The so-called modern painter, realizing this fact, focused his attention on colour, and endeavoured to make it an intrinsic and organic element in the projection of pictorial forms. In so doing, he reversed the very process of the art of painting. For a time he even ignored the principles of form and the laws of composition on which the art of painting was based. His achievements had nothing in common with painting beyond the superficial projection of visual nature. His entire concern was with the theory of colour. All the activities in "modern painting" have had one object for their goal—the solution of the problems of colour. To call these researches and experimentations the art of painting is a contradiction, and a denial of the very foundation on which that art was reared.

Turner sought to heighten the intensity of colour. Delacroix strove to develop the dramatic possibilities of colour. The Impressionists endeavoured to solve the problem of light and vibration. The Pointillists carried the science of colour-juxtaposition and the interactivity of complementaries to a coldly intellectual extreme. Gauguin worked exclusively in the decorative values of pure colour. Matisse devoted himself to the harmonic relationships of colour. The Cubists sought to eliminate objectivity—the essence of painting—and to achieve form by intersecting tonal planes. Cézanne carried his researches in the optics of chromatic gradations to a point where he was able to determine the active functions of colour, and thus to supplant form with colour, thereby achieving a simultaneous conception, and eliminating the very basis of painting—namely: representation by line and mass in the scale of black-and-white. The Synchronists, carrying forward Cézanne's discoveries, co-ordinated and rationalized the palette, and made of every colour and tone in the painter's entire gamut a relatively fixed attribute in the construction of form.

This, in brief, is an outline of the evolution of what is erroneously termed "modern painting." At no point in this evolution is there discernible a single fundamental relationship with the art of older painting; and for several decades even the demands of æsthetic form were ignored. Every advance, every new step, was along the line of scientific or harmonic colour-research. What is more, no experimentation or discovery made by the exponents of this new art affected the status of painting, or altered a single truth or principle of that art. There has been no actual conflict, for both the methods and the aims of the new art of colour are wholly outside the realm of painting as originally conceived and practised for four hundred years.

Where the art of colour reveals its greatest dissimilarity to the art of painting is in the incentive which produced it. As I have stated in my "Modern Painting" and elsewhere, this new art of colour is striving for an intensity of effect which the older painting does not possess. The world to-day demands more powerful æsthetic stimuli than it did in the past. The reason for this is to be found in the new conditions of modern life, and in the corresponding emotional development of mankind. The complexities and intensifications in man's existence to-day tend to deaden the mind, through the senses, to the subtleties of

minute variations of greys, the monotonies of simple melodies and rhythms, and similar manifestations of a day when febrile living had not blunted the sensibilities.

All art must dominate life. This is as true to-day as in the Middle Ages. The modern workers in colour have realized that only by perfecting the purely mechanical side of painting can a new intensity, commensurate with modern needs, be achieved in the realm of visual art. The demands of human evolution must be met; and it is a result of these demands that the means and media of all the arts are to-day being developed through study and experimentation. This is what is known as the "modern movement."

We hear many complaints directed at the public's indifference towards painting; and the truth is that to-day only painters are vitally interested in painting *as an art*. The reason is that the average painter of to-day has little realization that the world—psychologically speaking—has progressed since 1600. He is apparently unaware that the emotional development of three centuries has rendered the art of painting inadequate to the æsthetic needs of the present. The modern art of colour has, by its very vividness, attracted a host of admirers who might otherwise seek a mild reaction in conventional painting. The painter naturally sees in this new art a dangerous rival. His animosity is therefore aroused automatically, like a sort of protective mechanism.

Music, on the other hand, has developed and enlarged its scope to meet the public's æsthetic needs. The orchestra has been greatly augmented; new instruments have been invented; and new harmonics, new effects and new scales have come into vogue. The stimulus of music grew more powerful as mankind demanded more powerful reactions. The development of literature progressed similarly. Not only did new and intricate forms of literary art arise, but the older forms—poetry, fiction, and the drama—increased in intensity. In both music and literature one sees a constant evolutionary process at work; and that process has gone hand in hand with mankind's æsthetic evolution.

The reason that music and literature have been able to keep more or less abreast of the æsthetic requirements of man, is that these two arts were practically in their infancy when painting was approaching its final and complete flowering. Indeed, the mastering of the basic problems of art, and the organized statement of the principles of æsthetic form, which are to-day occupying the attention of the exponents of music and literature, were completed by the exponents of painting centuries ago. This is why there has been no modern progress in the art of painting, and why the æsthetic stimulus it offers is not sufficiently powerful to produce adequate reactions in the modern organisms. Furthermore, this emotional impotency of painting explains the greater public interest to-day in music and literature—a condition which was reversed in the Middle Ages.

Although the new art of colour has tended to supplant the older art of painting, it can never replace painting. But because the art of colour is still expressing itself through the borrowed medium of painting, it is generally considered a competitor of the graphic art; and this misinterpretation of its status has given rise to a further misconception—namely: that the art of colour, like painting, is a decorative art—or, rather, is striving to fulfill a decorative function.

Painting has always been accepted as a means for decorating the interior of buildings. During the Renaissance the primary object of painting was the beautification of the Church. Gradually pictures found their way into all manner of public buildings, and finally into the home. But whereas the destiny of painting was a decorative one, the art of colour fills no such utilitarian place in the æsthetic scheme of things. It does not belong in the home. As I have pointed out, it is a highly intensified emotional stimulant—a stimulant, in fact, whose very intensity is its *raison d'être*. It is distracting and absorbing, and, when successfully conceived and executed, fixes the attention and produces a positive and poignant reaction—both intellectual and emotional.



When an admirer of academic painting remarks that he would go insane if he had to live day in and day out with one of these "modern" canvases, he is stating (in exaggerated terms) a simple and obvious truth. His implied criticism is wholly justified. But it is a criticism which in no way reflects upon the merits of the work of art in question, but which, to the contrary, indicates that the artist has achieved a more vivid and potent statement of pictorial form than is to be found in academic painting. Adjectives such as "harsh" and "blatant," when applied to examples of the new art, are, from the standpoint of painting, both accurate and just. The stricture implied in such adjectives arises from the mistaken notion that the art of colour is seeking to fulfill the same destiny as is the art of painting, and is therefore to be gauged by the same standards. Obviously, harshness and blatancy are not virtues in painting. But, on the other hand, they do constitute a virtue when applied to the art of colour.

The music, for instance, which we play in our homes must be subdued and accommodated to its surroundings. But when we attend a symphony concert, tremendous volumes of sound, large numbers of executants, and *fortissimo* passages are not out of place. That is to say, intensity in æsthetic stimuli (namely: "harshness" or "blatancy") is, under certain conditions, not only a virtue but an essential.

The new art of colour, despite its present *métier* and the fact that it is still in a groping, experimental stage, belongs not to the decorative and atmospheric arts, but to what may be called the entertainment art-form, such as the symphony concert, the drama, and the spectacle. When it has found its true medium, and has developed into a fixed and organized type of expression, it will lose its present utilitarian aspect, and will—beyond all peradventure of misconception—take its place alongside those æsthetic stimuli which possess our natures and our minds wholly during their exhibition, and which produce such reactions as can be endured only at intervals and for limited periods of time. Sculpture and the graphic arts do not belong in this category; and herein lies one of the most significant and fundamental differences between the art of painting and the art of colour. Indeed, when this new colour-art has attained its inevitable goal, it will bear a much closer æsthetic relationship to music than to painting. Even now its achievements—slight and abecedary as they are—have, in many cases, proved themselves capable of producing keen emotional reactions.

The reason why the reactions possible from this new art are far more intense and satisfying than the reactions to be obtained from painting, lies in the different physiological effects produced by the two media. The medium of painting is form represented by subject-matter—linear rhythms, chiaroscuro, and structural solidity achieved by black-and-white; whereas the medium of the art of colour is a physical property which has a direct vibratory action upon the optic nerve of much the same kind that sound-waves have upon the ear-drum.

Without going into a scientific explanation of the difference between the medium of the art of painting and that of the art of colour, I think I can make my point sufficiently clear by a simple analogy. For example, a single black line or smudge on a piece of white paper, when acting upon the eye, does not have the same physiological effect as does a single pure colour. A colour *in itself* possesses what we call beauty—that is to say, it causes a pleasurable reaction, just as does a single note played on an organ. But a single grey, black or white line (or mass) does not produce this pleasing physical reaction. (Its equivalent in sound is a mere bit of natural noise.)

The art of painting makes use of the latter medium; the art of colour the former. The colouring or tinting of works of painting after their structural completion, may, as I have pointed out, enhance their visual appeal; but the colours thus applied are not the basis of the æsthetic form, and therefore are not the source of our enjoyment; for a painting in black-and-white reproduction is still a work of art, and provocative of an æsthetic reaction.

In the new art of colour, however, colour is the basis of the form, and hence the *source* of the æsthetic reaction. Therefore, the reaction possible in this latter art (other æsthetic values being equal) is infinitely more intense than in painting. In fact, the physical stimulation of colour is often greater even than that of sound. During the past twenty-five years scientists have been experimenting in the effects of colours upon human and animal organisms; and their findings—notably those of Dr. Jacques Loeb of Rockefeller Institute, in the field of heliotropism—prove conclusively that colour holds infinite possibilities as a highly active mechanistic source of physiological reaction.

This new art, with colour as its functioning medium and therefore as the basis of one's enjoyment of it, is, I predict, going to develop into what will be the most powerful and moving source of æsthetic pleasure the world has yet known. But its *métier* will not be canvas and pigment. The more rudimentary problems in this new art have already been solved; and even now it is divorcing itself from the very aspect of painting, and is seeking a means of expression which heretofore has never been associated with art-procedure. The result will be an entirely new art, as distinct from painting as is music or literature.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

## MISCELLANY.

LAST week I had a chance to see one of the ingenious little ways by which publicity is manufactured in behalf of certain more or less well-known interests. At the opera Saturday afternoon, when the curtain dropped on the wonderful prologue to "Mefistofele," Mr. William J. Guard announced to the audience that M. Clemenceau was coming directly to the opera-house from the steamer and would appear in M. Gatti-Casazza's box in about half an hour. "I hope," said Mr. Guard, "that the audience will give him the welcome he deserves." I thought I detected a touch of irony in this, but I may have been wrong. M. Clemenceau arrived and took his place during the next stage-wait, showed himself duly to the audience, sat through the Brocken scene, and then disappeared. It was a neat publicity-stunt.

No wonder politicians are cynical. Probably not more than a dozen persons in the whole audience owed the unscrupulous old man anything but loss, trouble, distress, impoverishment; and yet they all stared at him with ignorant and happy curiosity. The orchestra struck up the "Marseillaise," and the audience tried to sing it, but gave up after the first line. Then they tried the "Star Spangled Banner," but could not get on with it, except the chorus, which most of them seemed to know. I had a seat in a box near Clemenceau, and could look full in the upturned faces of those below; and it was amusing to see that not one in a hundred of them was singing. I really believe that as many Americans know the "Marseillaise" as know the "Star Spangled Banner." Our patriotism has a naïve, happy-go-lucky quality about it that is far from uninteresting.

I rose with the crowd to greet the old man, and not unwillingly, for I always admired him because he never pretended to be anything but what he is. His conduct at the Versailles conference made me respect him, especially as it stood out in such strong contrast to Mr. Wilson's and Mr. George's. He was frankly cynical and avowedly out for the stuff, and for all of it that he could get hold of. One can get on with a man like that. All one need do is leave one's watch and pocket-book at home, and I can imagine that one would have a first-rate time with M. Clemenceau, if he were in a good humour, and be well and profitably entertained. I can not imagine anyone having a good time with Mr. Wilson or Mr. George under any circumstances. Perhaps it is a matter of temperament. I dare say there are those who prefer to take their dose of rascality sweetened, just as I prefer to take mine straight.



I FELT on particularly good terms with the old man too, because he had shown the decency to come in between acts, and not interrupt the performance. All notorieties are not so considerate. My friends and I discussed this possibility as soon as Mr. Guard made his announcement, and we decided that if M. Clemenceau broke up the garden scene, we would hiss him, but if he broke up the Brocken scene, we would kill him on the spot. These sacrifices to the cause of art, however, were not required of us; so for a while we had all the fun of feeling like heroes, vindicators, martyrs, without any of the practical disadvantages. The principals were just going off the stage from taking a curtain-call, when M. Clemenceau hove in sight; and when they reappeared, I noticed that M. Chaliapin was not among them. I fancy that the kind of welcome that M. Chaliapin would give M. Clemenceau would be really, as Mr. Guard said, "the kind of welcome he deserves"; and I would pay a good deal higher than speculators' prices for a front seat to see the affair come off.

THE performance itself was in many ways distinguished, but on the whole inferior to those of last year in which M. Didur and Miss Easton participated. M. Gigli is perpetuating the worst defects of M. Caruso's performance—mainly defects in intelligence and natural dignity—and only partially redeeming them by such qualities of voice as nature gave so prodigally to M. Caruso. Mme. Alda surpassed her performance of last year immeasurably, and deserves great praise. M. Chaliapin is in most respects incomparable, but his impersonation of Mefistofele has by no means the wonderful and attractive consistency of M. Didur's. The Metropolitan's management may have seen the light since last season and become converted to the traditional "happy ending," or perhaps M. Chaliapin is afraid of trap-doors. The curtain came down, however, on Mefistofele lying near the body of Faust in a dead swoon, which was as flagrant a bit of inconsistency as could have been put in, and left the ending of the opera utterly unimpressive and flat as a cat's face.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

GALSWORTHY'S drama, "Loyalties," is already an established success on Broadway, rather more than duplicating its popularity in London. It is pleasant, especially in a season when few plays are liberally patronized, to find such works as "Loyalties" and "R.U.R." among the leaders. One might almost argue from this fact a certain soundness in public taste, if one had not so often been told that no such thing is possible in the theatre. Strange! Nine times out of ten a really fine play, if intelligently acted, succeeds; yet managers go right on searching for the bunk, and critics go right on lamenting the stupidity of the public. However, what I intended to discuss when I began is the proposition that you can not put new wine into old bottles.

After witnessing "Loyalties" from the last row of the gallery—the only seats to be had at the Gaiety Theatre on a rainy Monday—I was impressed with the fact that poor Charles Dillingham, the manager, was forced by his extreme poverty to use the same rug in the scene in the club and the scene in the lawyer's office, and with the fact that one can—or Galsworthy can—put a great deal of the new wine of drama into old bottles. Seeing the rows on rows of eager and interested spectators below me, I was further convinced that the old bottles pleased the audience quite as much, perhaps, as the new wine.

It is impossible to sit through "Loyalties" without being reminded constantly of Pinero, not be-

cause Galsworthy and Pinero are so different, but because, taking this play as an instance, they are technically so much alike. As far as the structural technique of "Loyalties" is concerned, G. B. Shaw and Granville Barker, to say nothing of the later "expressionists," might never have existed. Ibsen, even, might never have existed. This drama is pure "theatre," of the French-English "well-made play" school of the later nineteenth century. It does not illumine or follow a crisis, like an Ibsen play, but tells a story, beginning at the beginning, and ending at the end. Its theatrical appeal is not in the give and take of ideas, as in a "dramatic conversation" in Shaw or Barker. On the other hand, it does not, like modern expressionism, attempt to give a sheer "theatrical," as opposed to a literal representation of life. Neither does one find any of the intentionally meaningless naturalism of certain modern plays, meaningless because life is felt by the author to be meaningless—or should one say rudderless?

"Loyalties" is a play in which every effort is bent, every device of dove-tailing employed, to tell a story which shall progress from one scene to the next with the maximum of inevitability and suspense. The story is carefully calculated; the characters deftly sketched in, with quick, sure strokes; each step is taken with extreme care, so that it will appear plausible, indeed inevitable, and so that one can not fail to wonder what is going to happen next. The play begins with the theft of a thousand pounds from a guest's chamber in a country house, at night. This guest, a Jew, "makes a scene." The scene is unpleasant. It gradually involves everybody in the house. The Jew directly charges another guest, an Englishman, a "gentleman" and soldier, with the theft. The scandal spreads to a London club, then to the courts. This story, in its carefully calculated progression, is certainly no more important, though scarcely less effective in the theatre, than the story of "The Gay Lord Quex" or of "Iris" or of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or of "The Thunderbolt." As one resigned oneself to those plays by Pinero because they were so admirably calculated to leave no loose ends of improbability and because the characters in them were so skilfully and naturally introduced and handled, just so one resigns oneself to "Loyalties." If there were no new wine whatever in this bottle, I believe the public, fascinated by the glass, would fill the theatre just the same; nor am I at all sure that the wine is appreciated save by a minority.

Nevertheless, the new wine is there. The play is of 1922 as well as of 1892. Since the text is available in print, it is enough to say that each person in the play, Jew and Gentile, is loyal to the particular code of his race or class or profession, and yet the result is tragedy. Loyalty is not enough, some one cries at the end. That is, I take Galsworthy to imply that however fine a thing loyalty may be, each separate loyalty must be correlated to a larger view of life, a larger sympathy, than the individual race or code before it can avail much in the modern world. We need, perhaps, to pool our loyalties. We need a League of Loyalties! The drama of the 1890's—that is, the "well-made" dramas—did not get so far as such implications. "Loyalties," in its implications, is as modern as "Back to Methuselah"; but I am convinced that what most potently works to fill the Gaiety Theatre is not the modernity of the play, but its theatrical technique.

What one deduces from this is simply that the



old type of play is not so "dead" as the disciples of the new stagecraft would have us believe. The instinct of the public always has been, and one is inclined to predict always will be, for the story which creates theatrical suspense. The "well-made play" actually becomes old-fashioned only in so far as its theme, or its characters, or its tone, become old-fashioned. The success in the theatre of a modern story, or a story with modern implications, still pretty much depends upon the dexterity with which it sustains suspense without giving away the trick and letting the artifice become apparent. The most modern of expressionistic dramas, of course, might easily create this artificial suspense, this interest in the story, if once the public learned to accept the convention of expressionism so that it did not seem an artifice, and the dramatist had the skill to keep his story progressing naturally and steadily. As yet, however, expressionism seems an artifice to the public, and that is fatal to their comfort. Expressionism is still for the sophisticated: to take one illustration, "The Hairy Ape," one hears, has been a failure outside of New York. Moreover, the story that the "modern" drama has to tell is apt not to be the story of the commonplace, readily understandable events of life. The fact, alas! remains that most people are more curious regarding the outcome of a theft of \$5000 than regarding the outcome of a stoker's spiritual upheaval. The new wine of thought in the drama can still best be sold to the people in the old bottles of the simple story-play. It is Galsworthy's shrewd though perhaps unconscious utilization of this fact in "Loyalties" which has enabled him to reach so large an audience with a play of genuine significance. I would certainly not say that all forms of modern dramatic experiment should not be persisted in; far from it. But I shrewdly suspect that their net result will be to put new intellectual and spiritual sparkle into the wine of drama, while in the long run the bottles will be altered very little—certainly much less than some of our critics are at present predicting.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE LAW OF NATURAL SELECTION.

SIRS: Perhaps your non-metropolitan readers may be interested in the latest news of the New York City subway. The archaic mode of buying admission to this cavern in which men and women are packed like sardines, but by a modified suction process, has been abolished; no longer do we buy a ticket from a lazy fat man in a cage and deposit it in a box in which it is chopped by a lazy lean man. We drop a nickel in a slot and pass through a stile: we pass rapidly so as to avoid undesired acceleration of the stile, which works quite snappily.

Many of us cheated the company by purchasing illicit metal discs, the size and weight of nickels. But those good days have passed, for the company has installed a magnifying glass and an electric light in every machine, so that the coin is visible, greatly enlarged, until the next sardine puts the rearmost part of his anatomy in jeopardy of the slapstick stile. Dear fellow-readers of the *Freeman*, don't think this magnifying-glass, electric-light story is a joke I am trying to pull. It's the subway truth. The purpose of this counter-feit-detector has not yet been made clear, but I predict that a man will be placed before every stile, of which there must be some thousands, to watch for slugs. Knowing the close association between public utilities and municipal policies, I assume that these men will be chosen according to the bipartisan principle of "let who will economize so long as the political organizations have jobs." However, I have been too long in getting to my point: now that the detectors are detecting in their incandescent magnificence, the subway company displays at every station a copy of the law penalizing

slug-passers, printed in large type, in black ink. Underneath, in conspicuous red, one reads, "*This law will be enforced*" (italics mine). Evidently the laws that are selected for enforcement are those directed against the nickel or ok. It doesn't pay to be a piker in New York. I am, etc.,

R. U. R.

### THE LIMITATIONS OF AN ART.

SIRS: The dance, freed of meticulous, limited designs, and their characteristic variations, has become more spontaneous, and the possibilities of its interpretation more variable. This is largely due to the work of Miss Isadora Duncan, whose art is being carried on by her talented pupils.

The zenith of Miss Duncan's genius was reached five years ago. In bringing her art to the interpretation of the symphony, she seems, to my mind, to be entering upon a period of folly. When Miss Duncan attempts, by her judicious improvisations, to express the autumnal melancholy of Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, she fails to suggest so much as a semblance of the magnitude of the original creation. Tchaikowsky's sombre, hopeless soul looked on a desolate world shrouded in beautiful sorrows, and wept. His very joys lost themselves in despair. Such extremes of emotion find their most satisfactory expression in the medium of music.

It is, indeed, vain to attempt to interpret an idea already satisfactorily and completely expressed by an art, by imposing upon that art a mimetic and limited form of interpretation, especially when the art is so incomparable in its power of eloquence as is music. The result is an interpretation of an interpretation. Great music is more direct in its appeal than either poetry or the dance, neither of which can be used to interpret it without weakening its effect. At best, Isadora Duncan's pantomimic interpretation can merely give a more definite, more concrete conception of an abstract meaning to the musically uneducated or unimaginative people who clamour for art with an obvious meaning or a moral.

Even Miss Duncan's genius can not make her art a successful medium of interpretation for symphonic music. One perceives, at the very beginning of an excursion into a profounder mood, that the dance is outstripped and becomes almost an encumbrance. The imagination feels at once cramped and limited by a visible symbol. The image, dragging along in what seems like a competitive effort, grows wearisome. Music itself at times can hardly re-create the evanescent substance of the composer's imagery; how, then, can gesticulating human limbs, no matter how persuasive, or the dumb emotional play of facial expression, add anything but a sense of futility and limitation to an exquisite and artistic musical creation? Imagine the majestic growth of a climax symbolized by a puny and puerile waving of a finger.

The presumptuous boldness of taste that has permitted this artist to overstep the natural boundaries of her beautiful art, in order to become the officious interpreter of an art so infinitely superior, can only repel both those who love music, and those who have formerly delighted in Miss Duncan's dancing. I am, etc.,

New York City.

GABRIEL B. MILLER.

### TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

SIRS: In these days, when the incitement to the next war is taking the shape of "atrocities"-tales, when anti-Turk propaganda (like the anti-German propaganda of 1914-17) is coming out of the mouths and from the pens of our leading publicists, it is refreshing to see the incident of the persecution of the non-resistant Akali Sikhs given prominence in the *Freeman*.

One of these prominent publicists said recently that the atrocities of the Turks were "in a class by themselves." The thing for all of us to keep in mind is that both Turkish and Greek atrocities are simply a concomitant of war; that both are horrible and both are to be deplored. But the atrocities connected with this recent happening in the Punjab, India, were in truth in a class by themselves. That they were directed by a powerful Government against absolute non-resistants; that the programme of persecution was carried out daily, for two weeks, with a casualty-list of 1136 injured (which meant a large proportion of the hundred who, each day, volunteered to suffer in "the service of God"); that the brutality was extreme, men on occasion being kicked and struck after they were knocked down; such things all go to show that here was an orgy of cruelty the like of which has been rarely equalled in our time, or, indeed, in any other.

Writing of the affair, the Reverend C. F. Andrews, an eye-witness, says: "It was a sight incredible to an Englishman, which I never wish to see again. . . . The brutality and inhumanity of the scene was indescribably increased by the fact that the men who were hit were praying to God—having



taken a vow that they would remain quiet and peaceful in word and deed. . . . I saw no act, no word of defiance. It was a true martyrdom for them. They remembered their *gurus*, how they had suffered, and they rejoiced to add their sufferings to the treasury of their wonderful faith." Mr. Andrews points out that there is something far greater in this event than a mere dispute about land and property. It has gone beyond the technical question of legal possession or restraint. . . .

The martial Sikhs have presented to the world the greatest practical demonstration of the possibilities of non-violent resistance that the world has yet seen. They are showing up the fallacy that non-violence is for weaklings and cowards. They have upheld the assertion of Mahatma Gandhi that it is the brave and the strong that can best show the potentialities of this new-old method of warfare. Mr. Moazz Mali, an Indian eye-witness, has said that the Akali Sikhs deserve the thanks of the whole Indian nation. Shall we not say that they have put the whole world in their debt? I am, etc.,  
New York City.

BLANCHE WATSON.

## BOOKS.

### SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.

THE word principles suggests profundity and abstruseness; psychology, elusiveness and abstraction; but notwithstanding its formidable title, the book before me<sup>1</sup> has none of these qualities. The descriptive sub-title gives a much better idea of its main purpose, which is to analyse economic and social conflicts in the light of the leading traits or dispositions of human nature as currently conceived. It is concrete, practical, contemporaneous, occasionally rather obvious. One gathers the impression that the strong points of the book are due to the author's abilities, while its weak points are due to his academic method.

Social psychology does not comprise a set of phenomena, recognizedly distinct from other phenomena, which the scientist may group together for observation, record and analysis. The phenomena of literature can be studied apart from those of politics, the phenomena of religion apart from those of economics, even though the student may be keenly aware of their fundamental inter-relation as phenomena of a given society. But the phenomena of social psychology can not be so studied; they can be apprehended only in and through the various social activities and processes, for example, as literary, political, religious or economic ideas, attitudes, passions, emotions, rapacities, etc. Wherever human beings live in association and whatever they are about, they must think and feel and follow their native instincts and basic dispositions. Accordingly we find that whenever society or any one of its processes has been made an object of study, its psychology has been studied at the same time. The pages of Aristotle and Thucydides, the most objective students of antiquity, contain innumerable observations of a social-psychological order. In modern times, too, we find that, from the "Prince" to the "Communist Manifesto" or the latest sociology, every student of society has also studied its psychology. Even the economists, who are supposed to be concerned only with the material relations of men, can not do without their social-psychologic postulates. But the real specialists in social psychology have ever been the poets, dramatists and novelists. Thus one can get out of the mob scenes in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" practically everything that Le Bon gives us in his book on crowd-psychology. Similarly, it was Balzac's

terrible insight into the psychology of his age that caused Marx to speak of him as the natural historian of French society after the Restoration. As a distinct branch of social science, social psychology is an artificial product of the academy.

Mr. Williams's book gives further proof of the unreality of the conception of social psychology as an independent branch of social science. Although technical terminology is studiously avoided, nevertheless the specifically psychological chapters are, in the main, trite, obvious, vague. Is anything added to an understanding of social processes by saying that "the large place occupied by fear in human nature makes domination easy"? Is it necessary to inform us that workmen submit to the domination of bosses because they are afraid of losing their jobs? The book brims with commonplaces of this order. To say that "the rivalrous disposition is closely connected with the acquisitive and stimulates the latter far beyond the limits to which that disposition alone would go in the acquisition of wealth," does not sound quite so trite because it sounds learned; but why waste heavy artillery on fleas? The psychologic bias of the author causes him to make such statements as, "economists pass in review various alleged causes of monopoly—possession of patents, control of raw materials and of transportation, control of capital, the tariff—and conclude that these causes were not the essential ones, that the essential one was the desire to create a monopoly in order to make large profits and gain control of the industry." Well, one may desire to become a Napoleon, but even if one have it in him, one would better cease desiring; French Revolutions are not made according to one's desires, and it takes more than desire to achieve monopoly. Besides, does not the desire itself need explaining? In the guild-industry of the Middle Ages there was not the possibility of, even if there was a desire for, monopoly. Nor did the ethnologists discover among the American Indians a desire to obtain a monopoly of the hunting-grounds of the tribe or of the hunting-tools—the weapons—or of the stock of buffalo meat.

Of course, if one profess to be a social psychologist, one must ride hard that fine old hobby-horse, human nature. For instance: "The essential cause of business cycles is impulsive profit-seeking; business activity is not rationally regulated in a way to safeguard the public welfare. Lack of effective regulation is due to the fact that the human nature of farmers, merchants, manufacturers and bankers is not yet rational enough to want it." Now it is an historical fact that the first business crisis occurred in England in 1816, at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Was there no profit-seeking before 1816? To say that the violent ups and downs of modern business are due to the irrational human nature of our farmers and business men, who pay no heed to the "few rational leaders," shows a superior but rather ungenerous attitude; surely, machine-industry and the world-market also have something to do with it. Again the question obtrudes itself, Why are our business men so much less rational than were the mediæval handicraftsmen, or the Indian tribesmen? In other words, the human nature of any given people or epoch, far from explaining, itself stands in need of explanation.

But it would be wrong to judge the book exclusively as a treatise on social psychology; it is also a treatise on social conflicts, and as such it has

<sup>1</sup>"Principles of Social Psychology," as Developed in a Study of Economic and Social Conflict. James Mickel Williams. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.



many admirable features. The chapters dealing with economic conflicts are not among the strongest in the book; yet even these contain much enlightening information. The reader will be particularly grateful for the account of two court decisions (in the cases of Dodge vs. Ford Motor Co., and Hitchman Coal Co. vs. John Mitchell), which throw a flood of light upon the legal position of private property in these States. The author also shows a lively appreciation of the power of banks over business and its conduct, but he seems unaware that the banks exercise their power not only over existing business organizations; they also induce numerous amalgamations in order to pocket the promoter's profit. The chapters on economics suffer from a lack of theoretical mastery, for economic appearances are frequently quite different from the economic realities, just as colour is something entirely different from the vibrations of the ether.

Among the best chapters in the book are those dealing with the conflict of interests in political relations. There are innumerable observations that squarely hit the mark, as a few brief quotations will show:

The conflict of interests in political relations discloses increasingly as its essential cause, conflicts between economic classes and interests, with their spheres of influence. To be sure, non-economic groups, as religious sects, are involved in political conflicts. . . . Different sects often represent, roughly, different economic classes. . . . International conflicts appear to be essentially conflicts between propertied classes situated in different countries.

Again:

We are too apt to think of the propertied classes as exerting a conscious and deliberate control over the Government. . . . The propertied classes always have subconsciously assumed their right to govern; and other classes have acquiesced in that attitude of authority. . . . These exceptional occasions of popular resentment are more vividly conscious to the public mind than is the prevailing subconscious acquiescence in the authority of propertied classes.

The so-called independent "voters oppose a mass-movement to influence the Government, which they can see, as against propertied-class control, which they can not see." Mr. Williams's attitude towards political action in the ordinary sense is summed up in the following quotation: "The simple weapons of politics are alone powerless to effect any basic reconstruction of economic strength." His hope, therefore, lies in education, although he is compelled to admit that in all countries the educational system is reactionary.

Perhaps even more illuminating are the chapters dealing with the conflict of interests in professional relations, in ecclesiastical relations, and as reflected in literary and artistic standards. Here the reader will find much curious information; for instance, that policemen are corrupted by the dishonest practices of lawyers and judges, which they are obliged to witness! This is stated on the authority of Mr. Arthur Woods, a former New York police commissioner. The analysis of the various class-attitudes towards literature and art is especially fine, and is herewith recommended to the attention of our professional critics.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

### A NEGRO'S NOVEL.

SOME time ago the literary world was electrified by the news that a work of fiction by a Negro named René Maran had received the Prix Goncourt for 1921.<sup>1</sup> The scene of the novel was said to be laid in darkest Africa, and it was the stark realism with which native life was

portrayed that apparently constituted the chief merit of the book. Here was bait enough to lure the anthropologist. Might he not expect to find in the work so honoured, an argument to confound those who deny or doubt the possibilities of the Negro mind? Was the true inwardness of equatorial African life to be revealed by one who significantly combined literary artistry with the experience of having lived, moved and had his being in the atmosphere he described?

The anthropologist may have been over-sanguine, but he did not merit so deep a disappointment. For all I know, there may be some elusive quality of style in M. Maran's book that captivated the judges. I do not set up as an expert on the niceties of French diction, though it is hard for me to believe that in these matters there are fewer than a dozen writers in France who would rank as the prize-winner's peers. But my quarrel is not with the style; in fact, I rather appreciate it. M. Maran's adroitness in the use of descriptive vocabulary is to me the sole redeeming feature of his book. When it is merely a question of sketching a snoring woman or the contortions of dancing children, he does the job very well. Beyond that I can find nothing to praise, and even the descriptive passages are marred by the infantile striving for local colour through an accumulation of unintelligible native words.

No, as a work of art "Batouala" will not do. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the plan of the book. It is not, as a hasty reader of the preface might gather (contrary to the author's own statement) an exposure of colonial officialdom or a vindication of the coloured race. The plot is of touching simplicity: a youth who has enjoyed the favours of eight of his chief's wives, succeeds in an amour with the ninth and consummates his passion in the sight of her dying husband. There is not the faintest attempt at characterization. One is tempted to sympathize neither with the mature cuckold, nor with the false wife, nor with the gay Lothario, for at bottom they are indistinguishably alike, incarnations of insatiable fleshly desire. This poverty of imagination is positively startling, and neither common sense nor anthropology will admit the plea that the author merely displays that objectivity of observation on which he piques himself in the foreword. Such lack of individual variation is inconceivable.

But there is a worse fault than the triviality of the plot and the monotonous phallicism of the actors. Precisely where one might reasonably expect M. Maran to shine with unapproachable splendour, he fails in the most lamentable fashion. His dialogue, his speeches, are not merely bad; they are beneath all criticism. Does he really pretend to have heard a young Negro lover following up a glowing account of constabulary life with such a statement as "*A ces avantages immédiats s'en ajoutent d'autres, plus importants*"—and what an extraordinary diction in the chief's address to the gathered multitude! Take two samples at random:

*Au fond, l'on obéirait à ces vilaines gens, s'ils étaient seulement plus logiques avec eux-mêmes.*

*Je ne me laisserai jamais de dire la méchanceté des blancs. Je leur reproche surtout leur duplicité.*

This abstract verbiage is the veriest antipode of the style, shot through with similes and homely adages, that appears in many a trustworthy report of African oratory.

A correspondingly false note is struck in depicting aboriginal sentiment. Not once, but again and again, quite impossible thoughts are ascribed to the natives. Batouala on awaking begins to scratch himself systematically; his armpits, his thighs, his head, his rump, his arms. So far, so good. But the somewhat humorous picture merges in sage reflection:

*On n'a qu'à regarder autour de soi. Tous les êtres animés se grattent, au sortir de sommeil. L'exemple est bon à suivre, puisque naturel.*

This spurious form of rationalization attains its climax when the rationalization, instead of preserving a semblance of plausibility, runs counter to the known principles of every primitive society.

<sup>1</sup> "Batouala." René Maran. Paris: Albin Michel.



*On ne vit que pour soi, non pour autrui. Du moins, on le lui avait appris.*

A most extraordinary community in which it was felt necessary to inculcate such sentiments on the rising generation!

The plain truth is that M. Maran, strange as it may appear, does not know anything of the Negro soul. There is nothing the matter with his visual, auditory or olfactory sense, and he has acquired the craftsmanship to report what he has perceived. But he perceives nothing below the surface; the sense that might have penetrated corners hidden from the most sympathetic White has been blotted out by contact with civilization. His book is a lampoon on the Negro; nor is the mischief it is likely to create compensated by the proof that a Negro can learn to write French sufficiently well to capture a coveted prize if he can captivate his judges by an exotic background.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

THREE BOOKS OF PLAYS.

THE authors of the plays included in Helen Louise Cohen's volume<sup>1</sup> may indeed literally be classified as "modern," since, with the exception of Clyde Fitch, they are all still living. But from any evidence within the plays themselves, they might more justly be characterized as Mid-Victorian. No new thought or way of thought, no new problem, is broached anywhere. All is as it might have been at any time since the Civil War. "Pleasant Plays of Past and Present" would have been a less challenging title, and more justly descriptive of the contents of the book. Not only is Miss Cohen apparently unaware of new trends in the drama, she has not perceived that even in old problems of morals or manners there are, from generation to generation, new methods of solution in vogue. The methods of Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Booth Tarkington, even of George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, are not modern; they are the theatrical methods in use for the past fifty years. The introduction of an automobile or a telephone into the dialogue, or even bodily upon the stage, is interesting merely from a statistical point of view; it dates the play in no other way. "Beau Brummell," "The Copperhead," "Dulcy," "The Intimate Strangers," are all plays agreeable and diverting to read, and well deserving of the success they achieved with Broadway audiences. A similar clientele will enjoy them in book form.

Mr. Burns Mantle has more characteristic modern plays for exposition in his volume entitled "The Best Plays of 1921-1922."<sup>2</sup> "Anna Christie" by Eugene O'Neill, "A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane, "The Nest" by Paul Gerdal, "He Who Gets Slapped" by Leonid Andreyev, are each in their way the expression of problems of our world of to-day observed by people with fresh eyes. Even William Anthony McGuire's play "Six-Cylinder Love," perhaps the most appealing farce-comedy of the season, is based on a real temptation of modern suburban life, and employs an efficiency-man and the Coué method for purposes of development. The book includes, besides a synopsis of and generous quotations from the ten most successful plays of the season, several chapters of biographical details of authors and actors with synopses of additional plays, dates of their performance, a statistical summary, etc.

"The Waltz of the Dogs,"<sup>3</sup> a posthumous play by Leonid Andreyev, deals with the author's favourite thesis, the isolation of a human soul and its consequent moral disintegration and collapse. The principal character, Henry Tile, narrow, self-willed, vain, is irremediably injured when his fiancée jilts him for another man. His rigid will can not adapt itself to the new situation. He soothes his wounded self-love with dreams of colossal wealth and extraordinary crimes, and dwells continually upon the "unworthiness" of his false bride. Living alone in his

half-finished home, his only companion a weak satellite to whom he confides his fantastic imaginings, and who plots to betray him, he eventually finds himself in a cul-de-sac. It is impossible to continue living, and so he kills himself.

The use of the monologue, not only by the principal character, where it is explicable enough, but at the very beginning of the play by the brother of Henry Tile, and later by all of the important characters at one time or another, detracts from the verisimilitude of the movement. The brittle rigidity and hard inconsequence of the dialogue, however, create just the atmosphere of balked and distracted mental energy which the story demands. The publication of this posthumous play adds one more to the list of characteristic and powerful works left by the great artist.

MARY L. MASON.

AN ENLIGHTENING CRITIC.

MR. W. J. TURNER, an English journalist who has collected some of his articles in a volume entitled "Music and Life,"<sup>1</sup> is that rare person, a writer on music who is not platitudinous, sentimental or snobbish. He is instead both witty and wise; he has a sort of shrewd common sense, an immunity to popular pious fallacies, and a relentless way of piling up hard facts to refute them, that remind one of Bernard Shaw. Distinctly Shavian is an imaginary conversation between Mr. Ernest Newman and Sir Henry Wood, in which the critic persuades the conductor, soon after England's entry into the war, to give a series of concerts of the music of the Allies. "Russian Night" is a huge success, less because it is Russian than because it is Tschaikowsky. Then comes a French Night: but "as no musical man of business has ever had the sense to provide France with a Tschaikowsky, the audience was mediocre." Mr. Newman then announces to Sir Henry the necessity of having an Italian Night.

'What?' said Sir Henry, turning nearly purple. 'Can't be helped,' continued Mr. Newman, 'I hear that the Italian ambassador is hourly expecting the announcement.' 'My God!' exclaimed Sir Henry, falling into a deck-chair in his garden. 'That means Puccini, if not Tosti—to think I should ever come to this!' 'Well, there's no way out of it,' replied Mr. Newman, 'the Italian Government would complain, and then Asquith would complain.' 'Asquith!' ejaculated Sir Henry, 'Asquith! What has he composed? I don't know him.' 'I mean the Prime Minister.' 'Oh! the politician.' 'Yes, he would censor us,' added Mr. Newman. Sir Henry groaned, then he jumped up suddenly. 'And what about Serbia? Shall we have to have a Serbian Night and a Montenegrin Night—and what about all those Zulu chiefs or those Nigerian fellows—?' 'Oh, we'll stop at Italy,' asserted Mr. Newman. 'Stop at Italy!' murmured Sir Henry feebly, 'Isn't that where the British public has stopped, in spite of my twenty years work?'

The absurdity of the application of nationalistic notions to art, which is here so agreeably made fun of, is in another essay seriously and very subtly explained. It is pointed out that political concepts such as *Sinn Fein*, *France*, *Great Britain*, being abstract and artificial, are felt to be too unreal to form the subject-matter of art "which is the world of ultimate reality and not a mental abstraction." Such ideas, it is true, can arouse passions, and music can be written which will express these passions.

But we instinctively feel there is little virtue, little meaning in it. We know the whole thing is a concoction of our own; but we do not feel that we ourselves are a concoction of our own, nor do we feel that we have invented the green fields, the hedges, the misty landscape, the downs and moors and warm, huddled villages of England; and since the word *England* being less used politically than *Great Britain*, suggests these realities to us, and not a political 'idea' of our own invention, we instinctively feel that there might be a virtue in an English Overture which there could not possibly be in a British Overture. This explains why at all times the artist, like the scientist, as artist or scientist, has been so careless and so impatient of patriotic manifestations. Trying to increase his grip on reality, he resents this mock creation which inferior minds present to him, and he knows they grow so impassioned about it because it is, in general, the objectification of their immediate material interests. That is their real-

<sup>1</sup> "Music and Life." W. J. Turner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.00.

<sup>1</sup> "Longer Plays by Modern Authors." Edited by Helen Louise Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup> "The Best Plays of 1921-1922 and the Year Book of the Drama in America." Edited by Burns Mantle. New York: Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.00.

<sup>3</sup> "The Waltz of the Dogs." Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Herman Bernstein. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.



ity, that is the mess of pottage for which they have sold their birthrights.

So vigorous an exposure of the fallacy of nationalism, which may almost be called the most popular artistic fallacy of our time, makes us eager to collate the positive opinions of the nature and prospects of musical art of a mind so capable of penetrating deceptive surfaces. Two passages must suffice to suggest their nature:

When the great artist speaks, whether in words or in music, he speaks of a world that is beyond time and space, and beyond all ideas of good and evil, of to-day or yesterday, and he speaks of that world because it is the world in which he dwells. It is of the very essence of his nature that his mind does not dwell, as the minds of ordinary men do, chiefly upon the pleasures of the body or the satisfactions of social prestige. . . . To compare such a person with a great artist is like comparing to a man a dog that runs about following its nose. We demand of a great artist neither tricks nor the vivid expression of our own passions, but a profounder and wider consciousness than we possess ourselves.

The second passage is in the introduction, where we read this diagnosis of the decadence of art under industrial democracy—it is hardly less:

Perhaps there is too much worry and excitement at present in modern life for men and women to have the repose which is essential to any great mental or spiritual development. What good art we get is due entirely to the few, both as creators and audience, who attain this repose, this quality of being out of the everyday world—often at what appears to the superficial as a considerable sacrifice.

It may be added that the author himself owes the extraordinarily provocative and stimulating character of his thought largely to this very "quality of being out of the everyday world." He is a man who thinks for himself. He sees things as they are, not as polite custom would have him see them. The originality of his views is felt not only in the large, on points of general aesthetics such as those just discussed, but in his quite novel opinion of the Wagnerian music-drama, his sense of the limitations of Debussy, his sufferings in connexion with "Louise" (which most musical people will share), and in countless other matters large and small. Despite a regrettable tendency to exaggerate and an occasional cocksureness of tone unworthy so cautious a thinker, he has given us one of the most enlightening and emancipating books on music that has appeared for some time.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

To admirers of Arthur Machen "The Secret Glory" will probably be a disappointment. In the first place, it is semi-autobiographical; and autobiography belongs either at the beginning or at the end of an author's career. When a writer who has mastered the objective manner of presentation lets the personal again intrude he retrogresses. But the graver cause for disappointment is that in "The House of Souls" Mr. Machen succeeded, and in "The Secret Glory" failed, in calling forth that response which he seems most to desire: ecstasy, or at the least, sympathy with ecstasy. In the earlier book, there were many papers whose beauty carried the reader's mind out of himself and gave it a new body. These passages were mostly descriptions of nature. The mystic could love them for the mystery they symbolized; the sceptic, for the beauty of the picture they presented. But in "The Secret Glory" the author concentrates on the visions that the contemplation of the San Graal mystery and its legends arouse in the boy-protagonist. To one unaccustomed to this way of worship, the visions are for the most part tedious reading. There is no relief in following Ambrose's outer life, for personal feeling persuades Mr. Machen into an arraignment of the English public-school system that, although doubtless justifiable, is monotonously bitter and too long-drawn-out. It is not until the last third of the book that the spark of life enters; but perhaps it is all worth reading for the sake of that rapidly moving sketch of Ambrose and Nelly who have come to London, of the colours and lights of the city seen through a mist of romance and magic gaiety. If there be no ecstasy here, certainly there is delight and enchantment.

E. G.

<sup>1</sup>"The Secret Glory," Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

LORD DUNSANY's new play "If" deals with the fascinating question of what might have been, if one had done one thing instead of another. To most of us, it would probably make very little difference in the long run; but to John Beal, whose fate was in Lord Dunsany's hands, it made all the difference in the world. The young man, a member of the firm of Briggs, Cater, and Beal, is visited at his suburban home by Ali, a strange being from the Far East, who presents to him, in gratitude for a loan from the firm, a crystal possessing the power to make its owner relive his life from any decisive moment in the past that he may choose. John has but to wish he had caught the train which he missed by a minute ten years before, to be off on a series of hair-raising adventures in the land that once was Babylon. At the behest of a young woman who can only be described as an up-to-date flapper, he brings about the murder of the monopolist of the country and the damsel's debtor, becomes Shereef and even king. But when, having apparently some occult recollection of the nice lady left behind in the suburban villa, he refuses to make the partner of his activities his queen, he is obliged to flee for his life, and turns up, ragged and hungry, at his old home—to wake promptly at eleven o'clock as Ali had promised. The effect on the reader of Lord Dunsany's opulent imagination and his extraordinary faculty of creating an atmosphere of the occult and mysterious about the perfectly commonplace and everyday characters that he has chosen, gives a farcical twist to the story. One feels as one would on one of those "yellow days" which occasionally visit our planet, when the most familiar landscape is rendered grotesque and weird by the jaundiced atmosphere. John Beal, with his itch for safe adventure, his timid and fidgety wife, his housemaid Liza with her destructive feather duster, are caught up into the whirl of the fantastically improbable at the bidding of the Lord of the Crystal. The result is a mystic farce.

M. L. M.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

HAVING lately spoken of Mr. Stuart P. Sherman only to find fault with what seemed to me to be a serious failure of literary conscience, it is all the pleasanter now to give admiring praise to his essay in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "The Point of View in American Criticism." By these few pages Mr. Sherman has put American critics considerably in his debt, and I wish to acknowledge my share with something more promising, I hope, than the "acceptance in principle," which seems to be the fashion with debts nowadays. He has caused me to set about re-examining with some misgivings a position which I have hitherto held towards a long line of interpretative literature, and about which I have entertained no doubts. To have one's certainty shaken, one's confidence undermined, to be thrown back upon one's consciousness and to be forced to spade it up and root around in it to make sure of what is growing there—this, in small matters as in great, is one of the most important benefits, perhaps the most important, that one person can receive from another; and I am quite sure that many besides myself will get this benefit from Mr. Sherman's essay. One's beliefs and opinions may come out from under this re-examination unchanged, and again they may not; but whichever be the case, the great benefit remains: which is that they are kept from petrifying into things of mere use-and-wont; they are kept in the category of true belief and opinion, and kept out of the category of pseudo-belief, or worse still, of sheer prejudice.

THE thing that one remarks with particular interest and gratification is Mr. Sherman's use of history. I have long been urging the need of a history of the progress of civilization in the United States. We have plenty of political histories, plenty of drum-and-trumpet histories, plenty of historical monographs on special subjects such as democracy, music, foreign policy, industry, drama, ecclesiastical organization, and so on. But of our civilization itself, by which I mean the progressive humanization of man in American society, we have nothing. I can not help thinking that if we had such a history, the task of the critic of art and letters would be made much easier. His own work would be cleared and

<sup>1</sup>"If," Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75



strengthened, and the minds of his readers would be matured and prepared for the entertainment of a sound critical method. Now I have not, after the fashion of a good propagandist, been buttering up Mr. Sherman in order to get him to hold my stirrup for me while I mount my old spavined hobby. I shall not beset Mr. Sherman to leave off communing with "the members of the beautiful younger generation" in his classroom, and write a history of our civilization. Indeed, for many reasons I doubt that he would be much interested in anything of the kind, or succeed very well if he were; and besides, a person who can discern such beauty in the younger generation—not of Illinois in particular, but any younger generation—should be permitted to delight himself with it undisturbed. No; rather than pester Mr. Sherman in behalf of my own pet project, I prefer to address his readers, asking them to go back to his essay in the *Atlantic* and read it once more for the sake of remarking carefully how well Mr. Sherman uses history, his instinctive turn for cultural history, properly so-called, the history of a people's humanization, and above all, his excellent *sense* of history and its relation to literary criticism.

As far as it goes, Mr. Sherman's essay is in these respects striking and interesting. It is mere pedantry to complain that his generalizations leave out many matters of primary importance; he writes a magazine-article, not a treatise, and the thing to be remarked is how well, within the limits of a magazine-article, Mr. Sherman's good qualities display themselves. When I get ready to ride my hobby again, I think I shall take Mr. Sherman's essay as a miniature model of method. It is not a complete model, by any means, but as far as it goes, it is excellent—so good, in fact, as quite to distinguish it in current criticism. If we all used that kind of history and used it in that way, and if we had just that sense of history to guide and animate our work, criticism would take a new turn. If that kind of history were purposefully taught and studied, and that sense of history were deliberately cultivated, among the "beautiful younger generation," a criticism brought to accord with the purpose of these pursuits would strike root and be fruitful. Is it not indeed largely, very largely, because so little has been done in these ways that criticism has become unreal and sterile among us? I think so; I think that the failures of criticism mentioned by Mr. Sherman in the eighth section of his essay are mainly to be accounted for in this way. Certain it is that none of the schools of criticism cited by Mr. Sherman has ever betrayed the faintest sense of such history as Mr. Sherman uses so well. The "older critics in the academic tradition" do not; nor yet do the journalists, Freudians, the apostles of "universal sympathy" or the Crocean aesthetes; nor yet do their readers and disciples. Again, I think it can be shown that whenever and wherever effective criticism has appeared in the world, it has always been a criticism bottomed on a competent knowledge, and informed by an enlivening sense, of just such history as Mr. Sherman uses, and its fruitfulness has been pretty well conditioned by the average degree of this knowledge and sense attained by its readers. Well, then, would it not be the greatest conceivable aid to criticism if this knowledge were disseminated and this sense stimulated as largely as possible; and would not the compilation of a history of American civilization be the logical first step in the process?

NEARLY the whole value of Mr. Sherman's essay is in its method; and it is so great that one may hardly look a gift horse in the mouth, perhaps, by dwelling too much upon the unsatisfactoriness of one or two of his conclusions. I am quite sure that a little more history would have saved him from a certain lack of logic in his view of the doctrine of doing as one pleases. Nothing could be sounder or more gratifying than his belief that the essential desire of the average man is for the good life, the complete life. By implication he clears away root and branch the absurd notion that the average man is

immediately going to the dogs the moment that all restraints upon him, except those that are self-imposed, are removed. Yet his nervousness at popular Freudianism—to which, however, he is rather more than just—gives a twist to his view of freedom. It is not important that one should go to the dogs, and not even the most straitest sect of the Freudians, I think, would say otherwise. It is important and highly necessary, however, that one should be free to go to the dogs—and this is a very different thing, although Mr. Sherman does not appear to be quite clear about the difference. When he says that the deepest craving of his "average young men and women is not to be unbound and released and to be given a licence for a free and spontaneous doing as they please in all directions," I think he is wrong.

THAT, in my judgment, is precisely what they do want. They want to do what they please, freely and spontaneously in all directions—for is not this what Mr. Sherman himself most wants? It is what I most want, and every one else whom I happen to know. We do not want this liberty because we wish to go to the dogs; in fact, if we had it we should probably, in obedience to the desires and impulses which Mr. Sherman discerns in the average man, do pretty well with it, quite as well on the whole as we are now doing, or perhaps somewhat better. We want this liberty rather because we wish to be free to go to the dogs; in other words, there is no such thing as a liberty freely and spontaneously to do well, without a correlative liberty freely and spontaneously to go to the dogs. If Mr. Sherman will re-examine his "average young men and women," I believe that he will find them quite aware of this distinction, about which he himself seems a little uncertain. It is this uncertainty which largely vitiates the remainder of Mr. Sherman's excellent discourse, which lifts it out of contact with reality and makes it more or less homiletical and arid. When he undertakes to re-interpret his young men and women and says that "what they deeply crave is a binding generalization of philosophy or religion or morals" which will give direction, purpose, channel and speed to the languid, diffusive drift of their lives, I have my doubts. I should like to have first-hand testimony on this point from the persons analysed. I should like to get our heads together and see whether they would not prefer a doctrine of liberty, somewhat revised and enlarged, perhaps, and based upon some "binding generalizations" of history, rather than of philosophy, religion or morals.

MR. SHERMAN does not appear to understand, any more than the Freudians, the nature of true liberty, and therefore is not aware that true liberty itself might prove to be the long-sought desideratum of the average man, and that once gained, its varied uses might themselves be "an object to which he can joyfully surrender the full strength of his soul and body." One may remark that a little more history of the kind that he has used so well would have helped him to this understanding. But this is not the place to dwell upon this point. One simply observes with gratitude that Mr. Sherman has employed the right method in establishing a point of view in American criticism. That the point of view which he establishes is not quite satisfactory is due to scantiness of material or imperfect acquaintance with his material. Some day some one who knows more history or who knows it better, will use it to establish a more competent point of view. When that happens, however, it will be observed to Mr. Sherman's credit that he has anticipated this work in nearly every essential respect. The kind of history used will be the same as that which Mr. Sherman uses, only there will be more of it. The method of its use will be Mr. Sherman's; and most important of all, the *sense* of history that will inform the work will be the same as Mr. Sherman's. To have accomplished so much within the scope of a single magazine-article is a handsome achievement; and it is no disparagement, but quite the contrary, to observe that its greater value lies in its implications and intimations rather than in its formal conclusions.



"I HAD the great advantage," said Goethe, "of being born at a time when the world was agitated by great movements, which have continued during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years War, the separation of America from England, the French Revolution, and the whole Napoleonic era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insight impossible to those who must learn all these things from books."

Does it occur to men and women of 1922 that the events of our time will seem as remarkable to posterity as those to which Goethe alludes seem to us to-day? The overthrow of the Romanovs and Hohenzollerns, the reduction of the House of Lords to impotence, the abandonment of the Republican ideal and adoption of imperialism by the United States, the fight-to-the-death between unwieldy fortunes and industrial democracy, the world's economic chaos, the amazing lack of inspired leaders and the singular incapacity of titular rulers, the developments and discoveries in science, are matters that will make this age as interesting to the twenty-first century as Goethe's span of life is to us.

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